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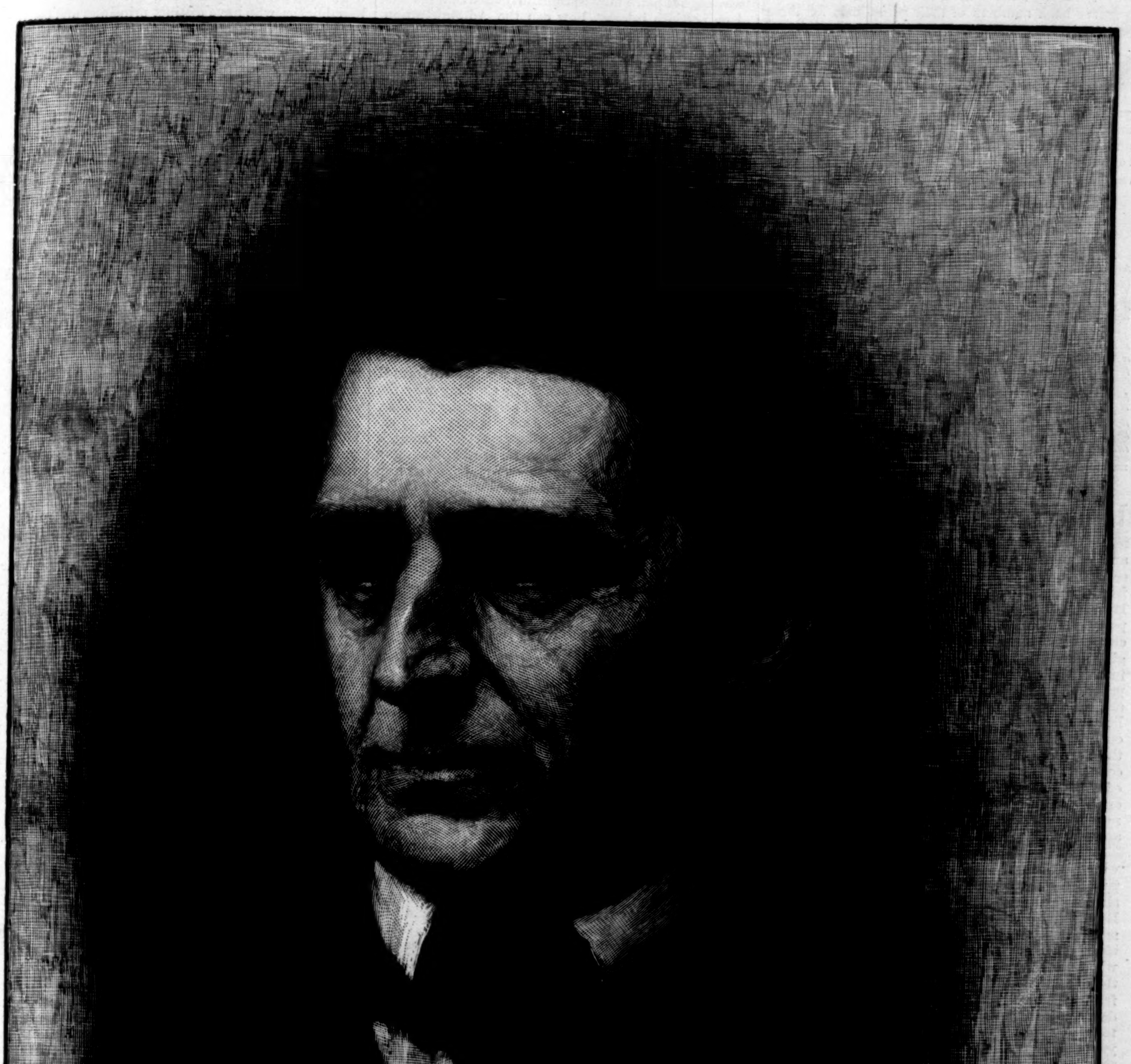


RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—DRAWN BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 132, *published May* 9, *contains an unusual number of interesting and brilliantly executed illustrations. Among the artists that have enriched it by their labors are* MR. W. A. ROGERS, MR. J. O. DAVIDSON, *and* MR. THOMAS NAST. *The first contributes a striking front page, illustrating Chapter VI. of the serial story, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother"; the second a broken page, delicately engraved on wood, depicting scenes in* MR. JAMES PAYN'S *story of shipwreck, entitled "The Loss of the 'Halsewell'";* MR. NAST *lends a touch of humor in "Moving Day," showing a young hero encumbered by the treasures which he must remove to a new abode.*

This number also contains the first part of an entertaining story by MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *entitled "False Colors," and illustrated; "The Speckled Pig," a short story by* MR. W. O. STODDARD, *illustrated; "How Jelly-Fish Live and Move," with five illustrations, by* MISS SARAH COOPER; *and an interesting article on fencing, entitled "A Princely Art," by* SHERWOOD RYSE, *illustrated.*

STALWART AND HALF-BREED.

REPUBLICANISM as a party policy originally meant the exclusion of slavery from the Territories. Constitutionally it asserted the national unity and supremacy as against the State pretense of sovereignty. Its fundamental principles were personal freedom and the equality of all citizens before the law, and the Republican party was naturally the party of the characteristic industry, intelligence, and enterprise of the country. When the decisive struggle occurred between the great forces and tendencies in the Union, the Republican was distinctively the party of unconditional maintenance of the Union, and the result of the war was the triumph of Republican principles. The Union was maintained without conditions. Slavery was not only excluded from the Territories, but it was abolished throughout the country. The fiction of State sovereignty disappeared, and the national supremacy was incontrovertibly established. In the history of political parties no results so vast and beneficent were ever so rapidly accomplished.

It is not surprising that the financial question, which is always vital to a government, and which is peculiarly pressing after a prolonged civil convulsion, should have been more wisely treated by the Republican party than by any other. It has steadily maintained the national good faith. The national banking system is one of its beneficent measures; and while some Republicans have held unsound views of the currency, the dangerous designs of inflation were frustrated by Republican administration. Faults of detail, misconceptions, and excesses are undoubtedly to be pointed out in the history of more than twenty years of Republican ascendency. But the only national service comparable to that which this party has rendered is that of the Federal party in putting the government created by the Constitution in practical operation. The generic word Republican, however, is being gradually superseded by qualifying terms—"Independent," "Stalwart," "Half-Breed"; and those who recall ante-bellum politics will remember that when the Democratic party, which had been so long dominant, was divided in New York into Hunkers and Barnburners, and the Whig party into Silver-gray Whigs and SEWARD Whigs, and in Massachusetts into Cotton Whigs and Conscience Whigs, Free-soilers and WEBSTER Whigs, it was a sure sign of the appearance of new and controlling issues.

The word Stalwart was first used as a rallying cry against the natural progress of the Republican party. It was an appeal to the old sectional hostility which had been inevitable in the days of slavery, but whose reason vanished when slavery fell. It was intended to check a policy of mutual good understanding and confidence, and to keep fresh issues that were naturally closing. That it did not express in this sense the conviction of the party was shown at the last Presidential election, and in the general policy, as illustrated in Virginia, which has followed that election. Stalwartism has lost its original significance. It has ceased to mean sectionalism, and now means spoils. But what does Half-Breed mean? Spoils is a word which describes a radical and perilous abuse of administration. Does Half-Breed mean uncompromising hostility to that abuse? If not, it does not involve any principle, and is merely a form of personal politics. If it means only a desire that the spoils should still be used, but for different cliques and persons, it offers no reason why those who wish to abolish the system of spoils should be very earnest to bear the name. Stalwartism is organized upon the abuse which is now the sole secret of its strength. It can be successfully opposed only by an organization based upon the principle of destroying the abuse. If the patronage of place may be rightfully used in a personal or partisan interest, how can the Administration be blamed for using it in that way? Undoubtedly, as we said last week, such a course divides the party fatally, and so endangers Republican ascendency. But until it is a Half-Breed doctrine that the vast number of minor non-political places should be taken out of politics, what principle does the word represent? Conscience and SEWARD Whiggery meant active hostility to the encroachments of slavery. When Half-Breed means active hostility to the spoils system, it will describe a great and growing party.

REFORM WITHIN THE PARTY.

LORD BROUGHAM once said to Lord GREY: "If the grumblers of those days who complained of Fox and you for not going far enough in blaming the Jacobins, not fairly supporting PITT when he deserved it, with I know not how much more such twaddle, spoken by men who don't seem to reflect on the very nature of a party, had been listened to, the party was at an end, and half a dozen great interests would have been finally detached from it, and would have formed new connections and habits." In showing why the late President was not a great Parliamentary leader, Mr. BLAINE said that such a leader is one "who believes his party always right, but, right or wrong, is for his party." In the same sense, Lord MELBOURNE said that a supporter is one who would support him when he was wrong. All these remarks imply the same view of a political party, namely, that it is in itself a cause and an end, and that to leave a party is to be guilty of dishonor and treachery like that of BENEDICT ARNOLD in betraying his country. This is the view of party against which WASHINGTON most earnestly and solemnly warned us. In a popular government, he said, party spirit will be always powerful enough. "And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

The sheer, dull despotism of party has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the State of Pennsylvania. For some years the Republican party in that State has been held under an individual control which was distinguished neither by signal ability nor by lofty character. The means by which it has perpetuated its mastery have been notoriously corrupt, and it is not surprising that there has been a deep and increasing hostility to this control upon the part of intelligent and honorable Republicans who did not choose to be supporters in Lord MELBOURNE'S sense, nor, with Mr. BLAINE'S Parliamentary leaders, to go with their party right or wrong. This hostility has taken two practical forms of opposition: one is the demand of reform within the party, and the other is an open bolt and separate nominations. The friends of the former course have warmly reproved those of the latter as destructive of the party, which ought to be reformed, not destroyed. This position, however, simply raises the question whether a voter is to go on forever supporting what he disapproves because it is done in the name of his party. If not, the difference between the two views is one of time and expediency merely. The argument commonly used, that the dissatisfied voter will gain nothing by leaving his party, because the other party is quite as bad, is futile, because he has no right to do wrong under the plea that, even if he abstains, wrong will still be done. He is responsible for his own conduct, not for that of others. When the alternative at an election, for instance, is two unfit candidates, if a voter supports the least unfit, he does nothing to prevent the recurrence of the alternative. But if he—and he is many—refuses to support either, he constrains the presentation of a proper alternative at the next election.

This is the position of the independent Republicans in Pennsylvania. They are confident that so long as the present mastery of the party in that State is sustained, from whatever reason, "reform within the party" is a wholly meaningless phrase. Reform within a party means simply change of the policy of the managers. But that policy will not be changed so long as the managers know that it will be sustained by the voters. It is only when they are sure that if they persist, the voters will leave them in a minority, that reform will be accomplished. That is to say, reform is not achieved by insisting that it must be attained within the party, but only by the determination that there shall be reform, and without the party, if necessary. In Pennsylvania, reform will be found, we think, not in a balance of factions, but in a general principle upon which all can unite. If there be no such common principle or policy, there can be no real party. Members of a party, indeed, can not all think alike about every measure and every man. But every member must think alike upon the main objects of the organization, or a party is a mere mob distracted with personal aims. When it has come to that, a party is really dissolving, and in such a situation it is the men of principle and conviction who ultimately conquer. In Pennsylvania there is no doubt that it is not the machine Republicans, nor the reform-within-the-party Republicans, but the independent Republicans, who have distinct principles and convictions beyond the success of the party right or wrong. The contest in that State will be closely watched, especially from New York, where there are plainly the elements of the same situation.

A SIMPLE TRUTH.

WHEN a law authorizes one officer to remove another for cause, it is obvious that it means a cause which the removing officer considers to be sufficient. He then removes upon his responsibility; and if he can be successfully impeached for dishonest action, he may be in turn removed. But it has been held by the courts that if the provision empowers one officer to remove another only "after a hearing," the law intends a trial. If the removing officer hears the case, he is taunted as being both the accuser and the judge; and if his decision should be adverse, the case may be appealed to the highest court, as when the Mayor removed the Police Commissioners.

Under this ruling, it will be necessary, in order to restore common-sense to the details of administration, that the law shall provide for removal for cause satisfactory to the removing officer, of which due statement and record must be filed. The check upon arbitrary removal must be found in excluding all reason for the illicit exercise of the power. Every private employer removes his clerks and subordinates at pleasure. Their tenure is understood to be the satisfaction of the employer. But arbitrary removal is very infrequent in private business. It is the interest of the employer to retain industrious, intelligent, and efficient clerks; and it is the interest of the clerks to be industrious and efficient, in order to keep their places.

This is a very simple and obvious principle, and it can be applied to public places as easily as to private business. When, however, it is disregarded, when a Police Commissioner is appointed, not because of his ability to make a good officer, which is a public reason, but for some private and personal reason, the public service does not gain by making his removal difficult. If a Mayor appoints such an officer because he is a good "political worker," the public loses nothing by the Mayor's removing him when he ceases to be a good political worker. So if a clerk is appointed in the Post-office because of personal favor, no harm is done by removing him for the loss of that favor. The system is consistent. No clerk who is appointed by "influence" ought to complain that he is displaced by "influence." But when public clerkships are filled by proved merit, and superior officers can serve no personal, or factional, or other illicit purpose by removals, changes may be safely left to their judgment, and the public bus ness will be transacted as efficiently and satisfactorily as private business.

MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. PARNELL.

MR. GLADSTONE is a man who has always had the courage of his convictions. He began his public career half a century ago as an extreme high Tory. He is now an extreme Liberal. But during all the time he has been steadily growing in the confidence of his countrymen. His changes have been seen to be not tricks or caprices, but steps of progress. No English Prime Minister of equal eminence was ever felt to be more thoroughly honest than he. The change of the Irish policy of the GLADSTONE Administration must be considered to be, therefore, an evidence of sincerity and sagacity, not of pusillanimity or incapacity. All such policies are necessarily tentative. The abandonment of the Coercion Bill is evidence of a moral heroism very seldom seen in statesmanship. So great and complicated a scheme as the Land Act might well have been expected to disclose unforeseen circumstances and conditions. Its apparent defect was in provision for arrearages of rent, and the bill introduced in Parliament to correct this fault will apparently not be opposed by the Government.

It seems to be understood that some kind of understanding has been reached between the Government and Mr. PARNELL. If this should prove to be true, it will be greatly to the credit of the Irish leader. His attitude of direct opposition to the whole force of opinion and of power in the British Empire was, as the French say, an impossible position. Even to succeed, by some chance, in overthrowing the Liberal

Administration and bringing in the Tories would have been a fatal victory. It could be made possible only by the withdrawal of English support from Mr. GLADSTONE for going too far to placate Ireland, and the conditions of his defeat would make it impossible for the Tories to go farther in a friendly policy. It would be a sign of wisdom in Mr. PARNELL also, as showing that he understands the immense difference to Ireland between the action of statesmen like GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, who are sincerely friendly and desirous of reaching a real basis of understanding, and the Tory leaders, who try to use the Irish situation merely to throw out the Liberal Ministry. A frank co-operation with friends, even if they can not do all that he desires, is an infinitely better dependence than a political alliance with radical opponents. If Mr. PARNELL has come to see this, and should act accordingly, he may prove to be the wisest leader that Ireland has known since GRATTAN.

The peasant proprietorship which Lord SALISBURY says that he regards as the necessary result of the revolutionary course that Mr. GLADSTONE has pursued involves a principle which is more revolutionary of English tradition than any project of modern times. The proposition of which Lord SALISBURY speaks is substantially that the Government shall take possession of the land in Ireland, and redistribute it. This is the course which the most heroic of the modern thinkers upon the grave social complications of the time advocate, with this difference, that they would have the fee of the land remain in the state. There is no doubt of the great general advantage of the small holdings, as in France and Belgium, over the vast landed proprietorships of Ireland. Such a change in the latter country would be undoubtedly a great gain. But there is very serious question whether the condition of the class which suffers most in Ireland would be vitally improved by a change of holding. It is the farm laborer rather than the tenant-farmer who is the chief sufferer. One thing, however, is clear, and it is that which it is to be hoped Mr. PARNELL and the Irish party now see—that they can more wisely trust their friends than their enemies.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL.

THE Music Festival which has just closed in New York was one of the most memorable events in the musical history of the country. For many months there has been the utmost diligence of preparation, and the details have been managed with an intelligent skill which was attested by the perfect smoothness at every point of the performance upon the opening of the Festival. The vast chorus and the crowd of auditors were all quietly seated without delay, and at the end of the concert they passed out with astonishing rapidity. There was no conflict of currents of people, and everybody felt that the most thoughtful care had provided for every convenience. This is but an illustration of the enormous labor performed by a body of gentlemen solely for the love of art, and with a just pride in the great community in which they live. The genius of organization which they displayed in devising and completing the arrangements was remarkable. Multitudes of persons were to be brought from other cities, and provided for in every way during their short visit in New York, and when the opening concert came to its magnificent conclusion there was no doubt that the details of the enterprise had been in the most competent hands.

For the musical director, THEODORE THOMAS, the Festival was an unqualified triumph. In a certain sense, everything depended upon him. There were a myriad lines converging for many months upon the opening evening. They were all of immense importance. Had any of the most important broken, there would have been disaster. Had THOMAS been in any way disabled, there would have been ruin. He was the NAPOLEON of the hour. He and he only was absolutely indispensable, and he was there. Indeed, of all those combining elements that were to contribute to the great success, ranging from the details of local preparation up to the coming of MATERNA across Europe and the ocean from Vienna, two only were wanting at the last moment. Miss CARY and Mrs. OSGOOD were unable to sing. It was a serious disappointment, and universally regretted. But this was the only cloud at the opening. Mr. THOMAS was never more remarkable as a conductor. His power both over the orchestra and the chorus was magical, and when on the first evening he suddenly stopped the concluding performance, which was fatally disturbed by the unpardonable disorder of many persons rising and retiring from the hall, his conduct was heartily approved by thunders of applause from the great audience whose rights he was defending. The chorus which the disturbers thus interrupted was the grand Amen Chorus of HANDEL'S Utrecht "Jubilate," which, after the disturbance ceased, was performed as it never could have been performed before. It displayed in ample majesty the amazing power of vast choral singing, and disposed of the fancy that one voice in a pantry is as mighty and satisfactory in effect as a hundred voices in a hall. The body and volume of perfectly regulated vocal sound make the charm of such a colossal chorus as that of the Festival.

The orchestra of three hundred instruments was incomparable. The poet's "forty feeding like one" were outdone in unanimity by the exquisite performance. The Jubilee Symphony of MOZART on the opening night, as we have said of the Amen Chorus, could never have been surpassed in richness and perfection of rendering. This is equally true of the SCHUBERT symphony and of the immortal C minor of BEETHOVEN, which was played with a perfection which produced the most enthusiastic recalls of the conductor. And of the performance on the WAGNER day it is impossible to speak without apparent exaggeration. The Festival was a fitting occasion for the first appearance in this country of Madame MATERNA, who proved to be unquestionably the first of living singers of the grand manner. Her voice is ample and resonant, and it easily filled the great space, while her dramatic feeling is so commanding that since the days of JENNY LIND we have seen no audience so captivated. It rose in a prolonged tumult of delight, and after returning and bowing, many times, and finally seizing and cordially shaking the hand of Mr. THOMAS, MATERNA repeated the latter part of the aria. Her appearance was the culmination in enthusiasm of the opening evening. On the WAGNER day, which witnessed an orchestral interpretation of that master so exquisite and commanding that the most skeptical were melted and swept into admiration, Mr. CANDIDUS sang with surpassing sweetness and power, Madame MATERNA repeated her triumph, and in the universal enthusiasm of delight Mr. THOMAS had the happy consciousness that his long fidelity to the new music had been rewarded, and that he had at last won for it the sincere and intelligent applause of all who are musically susceptible. Indeed, the selections for the whole series of Festival concerts were of the highest character, and they were performed in a manner which has certainly never been surpassed. It seemed to be a daring assumption that a vast popular audience would enjoy such music, but a popular audience is seldom more enthusiastic than that which crowded the Armory. Those who had supposed that concerts so colossal must be necessarily only "big" and not great, were felicitously undeceived, and learned the majesty of a skillfully disciplined mass of sound. There was also the inspiration which immense numbers of persons co-operating in the same purpose necessarily give to each other and to the common object. New York has now taken every degree in the course necessary to place the city among the great musical capitals of the world.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

MR. CHARLES READE'S series of stories begins in this number of the WEEKLY in his most characteristic manner—crisp, brilliant, *staccato*, and entertaining. The tale is called the "History of an Acre," and concerns the range of pleasant residences known as Albert Terrace in London. It swiftly describes the descent of the property from the year 1616 to the present time, and lays bare, with grim and incisive humor, the plots of speculators to get possession of it by means of a private bill and under cover of the public benefit. It is an instructive glimpse of the way in which the forms of law, and high-sounding pretenses, and the indifference of legislators, are made to do the work of knavish greed at the cost of private right. The chapter is very graphic, and leads up to a tale of events associated with the acre—a tale, as the author informs us with a shudder, of Blood with a very large B.

THE CHINESE SPECTRE LAID.

A LETTER from Mr. EDWARD CUNNINGHAM, in the *Daily Press* of Santa Barbara, California, is one of the most concise and conclusive expositions of the Chinese immigration question that has appeared. Mr. CUNNINGHAM is a merchant who has lived for many years in China, and he is an authority upon every point of the subject. His letter delivered as a speech in Congress would have been decisive. He takes up in a good-natured way the speech of Mr. COLEMAN at the mass-meeting in San Francisco—a speech upon which we recently commented, and which is an excellent representative of the appeals made against the Chinese.

Mr. COLEMAN drew a fearful picture of a Chinese invasion by the sudden purchase of a navy, and shipping of an army to our shores. The first "output" for Mr. COLEMAN'S Chinese devastating campaign, says Mr. CUNNINGHAM, would be at least $410,000,000, and to save its existence China could not raise $50,000,000 beyond its ordinary revenue. Mr. COLEMAN'S invading horde of the GENGIS-KHAN kind is to consist of 2,000,000. But, as Mr. CUNNINGHAM says, China has been trying in vain for twenty years to raise an effective army of 40,000 men, and 10,000 men led by Europeans brought the empire to its knees. Fifty thousand Californians, says Mr. CUNNINGHAM, could march through the whole of China, and put anybody they chose upon the throne.

Moreover, China is not overpeopled. The Chinese do not even settle upon islands near to them, and where they are encouraged to come among a friendly people. Nothing but excessive wages would tempt a peaceful people to a foreign land of violence, as California has proved; and as numbers increased, wages would fall, and stop the immigration. Mr. COLEMAN concedes that the Chinese are quick, strong, enduring, accurate, and faithful; and they mean to return to their own country, and not to stay here. What, then, is the trouble? By a fair computation, upon wages of $30 per month, for which he does $40 worth of work, a Chinaman, after a residence of three years, would carry home $540, and leave $900 which would not have existed but for him. As for manners and morals, the Chinese are not to be judged by their dens of vice any more than Americans; and to say that frugal, hardy, accurate, and faithful workmen are given over to degrading vice, is absurd. As we write, the fate of the latest anti-Chinese bill is uncertain. But the bill is founded upon the theory that the Chinese will supplant the American. Mr. CUNNINGHAM well exclaims: "'Strong, accurate, and faithful,' says their enemy. O Anglo-American, is your son of that stuff that he will deteriorate working side by side with faithfulness and accuracy, and flourish and grow great and virtuous reading dime novels, or keeping company with a whiskey bottle?"

PERSONAL.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mr. LEONARD JEROME'S son-in-law, who came out in the *Gallia* on a health trip, is the head and front of what is called the Fourth Party in the House of Commons. It is not a multitudinous party, being composed of only four or five persons, but what it lacks in numbers it makes up in audacity. Lord RANDOLPH is a shrewd man, and a splendid worrier of the present administration. He delights in scarifying the party cuticle, and does it in a way that is quite attractive to the British mind.

—Dr. JOHN M. BRIGGS, cousin of the late Governor MOREHEAD, of Kentucky, died in Bowling Green in that State recently, aged eighty-four. During their school-days he and the late Judge GRAHAM, of the same town, agreed to an exchange of medical and legal services for their respective and prospective families—a contract which was scrupulously kept for forty-five years.

—Not precisely satisfied with the somewhat exasperating frankness of FROUDE'S *Reminiscences* of CARLYLE, Mrs. ALEXANDER CARLYLE will, it is said, publish a memoir of her uncle after FROUDE'S work has been completed, in the hope that her recollections and impressions may remove the unpleasant picture which has been given of CARLYLE in the *Reminiscences* and *Biography*. Great ingenuity and charity will be required to make CARLYLE an amiable man; nevertheless, Mrs. C. will doubtless produce a readable volume.

—Our maritime friend Mr. HUNT, sometime Secretary of the gondola department of the government, is a wag. When some one advised him to keep away from dynamite when he reached Russia, he replied that he preferred to "dine 'em out to dynamite."

—STANLEY, the explorer, was on the Upper Congo, Southwest Africa, on the 16th of January last, with his party of 236 men, mostly Zanzibarris, who, he says, are obedient, docile, brave, and hard-working. They are also perfectly honest. Not one is in disgrace, and during the month preceding there had been no occasion for uttering an angry word. Not one of them has a gun, spear, knife, or weapon of any kind. STANLEY maintains a certain reticence about the exact nature of his work in Africa. He is the agent of companies which have invested large amounts of capital in opening up sections of Africa, and who naturally desire to secure for themselves all the advantages which may accrue from the explorer's labors. In a few months we shall probably hear rather interesting and possibly somewhat startling news from the little camp on the Upper Congo.

—Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT has promised to preside at the one-hundredth anniversary of Phillips Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, in June next—an institution that has turned out more distinguished graduates than any other classical school in the country.

—Judge BIDDLE has just rendered a decision sustaining that portion of the will of Dr. WILLIAM CURRAN, who had given the Philadelphia Trust Company his residuary estate to be held in trust until it had accumulated a fund of $500,000, the income of which is to be used for the establishment of a college for the higher education of young women. It will take nearly a century to make the fund available.

—The King of Sweden's goodness of heart has again shown itself in the following sympathetic letter which he sent to Madame NILSSON:

"DEAR MADAME NILSSON-ROUZAUD,—I am sure that you have not doubted a single instant of the very sincere sympathy I have in the cruel trial which has fallen on you. The news reached me very late, owing to my journey to Christiania, and when at length I heard of the death of your husband it was too late to telegraph, and I preferred waiting till I could properly write a letter in your great and natural affliction without being obtrusive. Dear Madame NILSSON, I was much distressed when I read the sad circumstances which led to your terrible misfortune. God alone can give you strength of mind and body to bear up against such a trial; but He will give it you, I am certain, and you have my sincerest wishes for your future. You are yet young, and in full possession of the great artistic qualities which have founded and justify your renown. You will find consolation in work, and your very sorrow, by the help of God, may contribute to the development of your genius. You may long, very long, I hope, remain the great artist who honors the country which gave you birth. It is not so much in my character as king of that country, but as an amateur, and above all as your friend, that I do not hesitate to say this. Yes, rely on these sentiments on my part, and believe me

"Your ever affectionate OSCAR."

—Dr. JAMES R. WOOD, one of the oldest and most eminent surgeons in New York, died on the 4th inst., from double pneumonia, at his residence, No. 80 Irving Place. Dr. WOOD was nearly sixty-six years old. He was one of the founders of the Bellevue Medical College, and held to the last the position of Professor of Surgery in that institution. Up to the beginning of his fatal illness, which was the result of a severe cold recently contracted, he was still in active practice, and in good health. Dr. WOOD graduated from the Medical School of Castleton, Vermont, in 1837. His professional career in this city was long and useful.

—Mrs. AMELIA E. BARR, an accomplished and popular contributor to American magazine literature, sailed from New York for Glasgow last Saturday, for the purpose of prosecuting some interesting researches in the legendary lore of Scotland, a subject with which she is very familiar.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Aberdeen, Canon FARRAR, Mr. MORLEY, M.P., and many others prominent in social and public life have signed a request to MOODY and SANKEY asking them to continue their labors in London for at least twelve months.

—Concerning Attorney-General BREWSTER, who, in the opinion of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, is "the ablest man who has filled that office since WILLIAM WIRT held it," this pleasant paragraph appears in the Washington correspondence of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "Attorney-General BREWSTER'S dainty ruffles at his wrists have often been noticed, because unusual in man's attire; but no one seems to understand the beautiful sentiment which for forty years has prompted him to wear them, in spite of unpleasant remarks. When he was first assuming the *toga virilis*, his mother, whose name he can not even now mention without emotion, called him to her, and asked him to grant a request of hers. She then explained that her father, whom she had always venerated, and who was a very distinguished divine, had always worn ruffled shirts, and she would like her son, for whom she anticipated an equally brilliant future as a lawyer, to wear ruffles in memory of his grandsire. She said she would not require him to wear them on the bosom of his shirt, as that would be very conspicuous, since ruffles had been so long out of fashion for men's apparel, but she thought that at the wrists they were becoming to a man's hands; so she wished to make some herself, and put them on her son's shirts. He acceded to her request, and for some years she always made his ruffles for him. He has worn them always since, and thus his ruffled shirts became an exponent not only of his love for his mother, but of hers for her father."

EMERSON.

Meek sage, upon whose lips and pen
  Waited such mystic-holy powers,
Though you have fled the world of men,
  Your gentle spirit still is ours.

Ah, when these noble natures pass
  To some fair world beyond the cloud,
Who stays the image on the glass?
  Who thinks aught buried with the shroud?

Rare souls there are whose presence beams
  Across our life with ray ideal;
Strong men, who living are like dreams,
  But, absent, grow divinely real.

And yet to think that he is gone
  Far from the circle of earth's years,
Whose face was lit with truth's pure dawn—
  It smites and turns the heart to tears.

Still I behold him, firm and tall,
  Walking the elmy village street;
So rapt, yet keen, and greeting all
  With smiles that make the rude air sweet;

Upright, alert, benignant, pure;
  Kind neighbor, seer, and poet deep;
A man whose wisdom shall endure,
  Whose memory homely folk will keep.

Oh, vain to cheat our longing eyes
  That saw his virtue bless the day!
Vainly the heart for solace cries:
  "So April, ended, brings the May."

George P. Lathrop.

THE FUNERAL OF EMERSON.

The funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson, like that of Longfellow, was in every respect simple and touching, without the slightest exhibition of display. During the day the whole town was in mourning. Every dwelling, every store and public building, was draped with black and white, caught in folds by rosettes, with black and white emblems. Emerson was greatly beloved in the quiet village where his life had been passed, and was mourned as the good friend, neighbor, and counsellor, as well as the world-renowned philosopher and poet.

Emerson was buried on Sunday, the 30th of April. The morning was cool, with alternate sunshine and clouds, and an occasional light shower of rain; but the afternoon was bright and beautiful. The services at the house were conducted entirely by Dr. Furness. They were attended by the immediate family and the near neighbors. Dr. Furness's address was brief and tender, concluding with those lines of Longfellow, read at the latter's funeral, closing with the oft-quoted words:

> "There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
>   This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
>   Whose portal we call Death."

Brief passages from the Scriptures were then read and a short prayer said, and thus the services ended. A final look was then taken at the features of the departed, and soon after the procession to the church was started.

THE FUNERAL OF EMERSON.—From Sketches by Edmund H. Garrett.

The public services in the old Unitarian church consisted mainly of addresses by Judge Rockwood Hoar, Mr. Emerson's old friend and neighbor, and James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, with reading from the Scriptures by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Brookline, the young clergyman who has been supplying the pulpit there. A sonnet by A. Bronson Alcott concluded the service. The singing of "Pleyel's Hymn" at the request of the Emerson family, and the reading of one of Watts's hymns, constituted the other features of the public exercises. At their conclusion the congregation and the towns-people were allowed to pass by the coffin, and then the burial in the old village cemetery followed, a portion of the Episcopal service being read at the grave by the Rev. Mr. Haskins, a relative of Mr. Emerson.

The grave is on a hill-top east of Sleepy Hollow, directly under a tall pine. Near by are the graves of Thoreau and Hawthorne—names intimately associated with Concord. Emerson will doubtless be remembered with more sympathetic regret than either of the other two, on account of his geniality and fine social traits. Scholar though he was, he was not a recluse. In his *Concord Days*, Mr. Alcott says of him: "Only a traveller at times, professionally, he prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found; likes plain people, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest persons; shuns egotists, publicity; loves solitude, and knows its uses." It was also well said of Emerson that he was as perfect in his manners as his mind. To his perfection in the first quality his townsmen could testify without exception. To the tradesman, the farmer, the scholar, he invariably showed the same kindly interest and courtesy. Every one was allowed a claim on his attention and good-will. He had the rare "power of idealizing other people." He had learned,

> "without labor,
> Without reserve as well, to love his neighbor."

One of our illustrations shows the house in which Mr. Emerson lived from about 1844, to which he had removed from the "Old Manse," where he wrote *Nature*. It is a large, square house set back from the road, and sheltered by a growth of pine and chestnut trees. The trees that now surround it were planted by Thoreau and Alcott during one of Emerson's absences in Europe. In 1872 the house was partially burned, but was rebuilt on the same plan. It stands a short distance only from the village.

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

M. Émile Erckmann is four years older than M. Alexandre Chatrian. He was born at Pfalzburg in 1822, and is now sixty years of age, an Alsacian in his type, stout, with a great blonde mustache and grizzled imperial, a clear ruddy skin, blue eyes full of good-nature, and a large expanse of cranium in great part innocent of hair. He lives at ancient Toul, in his beloved Lorraine, and visits Paris only when the secret processes of collaboration have to be fomented between him and his literary twin brother Chatrian. He is an incorrigible bachelor.

Chatrian is married, and has three sons. Erckmann got tired of the metropolis when Chatrian wedded, but the latter has had much the greater profit of life, is the more active of the two, and is the one who is the more concerned with their dramatic productions. He was born in a little village of the Meurthe, not far from Pfalzburg, and is now a slender man with a big head covered with luxuriant hair, small bright black eyes, nervous and quick in his movements, very good-natured, and very popular.

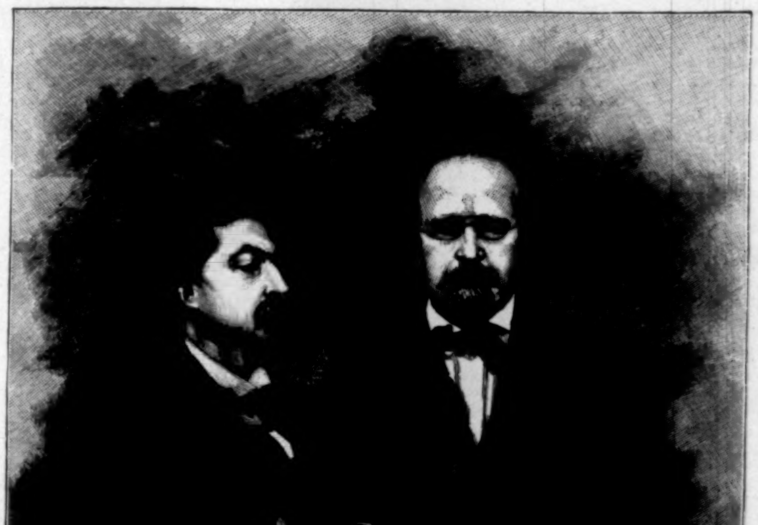
Erckmann and Chatrian were school-fellows. They met at the College of Pfalzburg, the bookstand in which town was kept by Erckmann's father. Chatrian left college to serve as a clerk in a glass manufactory in Belgium owned by his uncle; Erckmann went to Paris to study law. Chatrian ran away from the glass-blowing, and joined a travelling theatrical company, was arrested by his irate uncle, and compromised matters with his family by becoming Professor of History in Pfalzburg College. Here he saw Erckmann again when the latter came home from Paris to spend his vacations.

It was at this time that they began their celebrated partnership of letters, which is unique in the history of literature, and which has led to such brilliant results. Their first efforts were in the direction of the drama, and seem to have been inspired by Chatrian. The more they worked, the more it became apparent that they had a com-

mon vocation, and that in obedience to it they must both go to Paris. There CHATRIAN secured a clerkship in a railroad office, which kept a roof over his head and some modest bread and butter in his mouth, while ERCKMANN subsisted on the small remittances which came from the book-store in Pfalzburg. They worked indefatigably, and under conditions of the greatest discouragement. Publisher after publisher refused the manuscript of *L'Illustre Docteur Mathews*; and when finally one was found who did undertake its production, it happened that his establishment was closed by order of the government as soon as he had begun it. However, they got a hearing at last, and succeeded, ERCKMANN being thirty-seven, and CHATRIAN thirty-four. It was not a very early recognition, but the two authors have amply compensated themselves for it during the years of literary activity that have since ensued, and in which they have achieved a deserved and enduring popularity.

Both are from Lorraine, and both are French patriots. They have written steadily for the past eleven years to keep green the memory that Alsace and Lorraine were once a part of France, and to prove that the people of those unhappy provinces are as loyal in their hearts as ever.

The pages of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN are among the most delightful to be found in the French prose writing of this century. They are as pure, cleanly, and wholesome as the songs of our own LONGFELLOW. They are inspired by simple and elevated motives, deal with no sexual idiosyncrasies or social hysterics, but contain good, manly sentiment, much truth to noble ideals of human character, and no little real poetry. Their latest drama, *Les Rantzau*—an honest, well-written comedy, without a touch of morbidity about it, or a suspicion of the unpleasant French quality that is altogether too familiar to us in its imported form on our stage—has taken Paris by storm. So great is the effect of it, and so eager is the public recognition of its merits, that one might almost believe that we were on the eve of witnessing a renaissance of decency in French dramatic art.



MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

A MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE.

IT has been said that the Pyramids were fortunate alike in their solitude and in their company. The same observation may justly be applied to the new State, Army, and Navy Building at Washington. A more judicious selection than the site it occupies could not have been made; all of its surroundings are such as serve admirably for adjuncts toward the making up of a perfect whole, with this marvel of architectural beauty as the central figure. The adjacent buildings are not such as suggest that palace and hovel have had a battle in the clouds, and stuck where they fell, pell-mell, in the mêlée. There are no dilapidated tenements nor other evidences of indigence and squalor near at hand to make a sharp and painful contrast to this last silent yet eloquent witness of American prosperity and ambition.

The east front commands a view of the Executive Mansion and grounds; the north front is toward Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite the Corcoran Art Gallery; and the western approach is from that quiet, refined quarter, far removed from the bustle of traffic, known as the "West End." But the southern aspect embraces the advantages of all the others combined. Standing on the south portico, one glance takes in the Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural Department, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, Arlington gleaming white on the Virginia hills, and the graceful curve of the Potomac, offering to the lover of nature or of art a most bewitching study. If romance be desired, the materials are also included in a bit of antiquity near the water's edge. This relic of the olden time is the historical VAN NESS mansion; first the residence of DAVID BURNS, one of the original proprietors of the site of Washington, and afterward the property of J. P. VAN NESS, a Representative from New York, who married MARCIA BURNS, the heiress of the estate, about the beginning of the present century.

While it is true that a costly setting can not enhance the value of a gem, it is equally true that a tasteful and harmonious one may contribute much to its effectiveness, and in accordance with this principle we have briefly outlined some of the more prominent objects of the landscape visible from the various points of this building.

The artistic plan which was to blend strength with grace has been faithfully followed "from turret to foundation-stone," and the result is a positive triumph. It was begun June 21, 1871, and was designed by A. B. MULLETT, formerly Supervising Architect of the Treasury. The style may be termed Roman Doric, with original treatment. When completed it will consist of three harmonious buildings with connecting wings. The south pavilion will be permanently occupied, as at present, by the State Department; the eastern by the Navy; and both the northern and western by the War Department. The latter two are still unfinished. The dimensions, exclusive of steps and projections, are 567 feet from north to south, and 253 feet from east to west. The sub-basement, basement, area, and court-yard walls are built of Maine granite from Vinalhaven. The superstructure of the front is of Virginia granite from the banks of the James River, about seven miles above Richmond. All the stone was dressed in the quarries. The north and south façades, consisting of four stories in the pavilions and one in the roof, and the east and west façades of five stories and one in the roof, are respectively counterparts of each other. The greatest height is 128 feet. There are private carriageways extending through the court from east to west, and four lesser entrances in addition to the four principal ones. These latter are approached by massive flights of steps, leading to the projecting platforms of the porticoes, with their clustering columns of Doric simplicity.

The entire structure, from the basement, devoted to engines, furnaces, storage, etc., to the sumptuous apartments above set apart for the various bureaus, is absolutely fire-proof. Corridors fifteen feet in width, tiled in alternate squares of black and white marble, traverse each floor from east to west. The suite occupied by the Secretary of State and his assistants is on the second floor. Adjoining is the Diplomatic Reception-room, a magnificent salon, hung with portraits of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, WEBSTER, SEWARD, FISH, and Lord ASHBURTON. The marquetry floor is covered with Oriental rugs, and the ebony furniture is upholstered in olive-green brocade shot with gold. Bronze heads of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE ornament the consoles over the mantels. The Diplomatic Anteroom contains a full-length portrait of the Bey of Tunis, sent with a letter of condolence, by special envoy, upon the assassination of President LINCOLN.

The Library, on the third floor, is arched over by a glass canopy. The books are contained in alcoves opening from a central room, around which extend three galleries, one above the other. Besides the extensive collection of works upon diplomacy, very choice and complete, there are to be found here many valuable and historic articles. Among them, the rough draft of the Declaration of Independence, and the original instrument, with its faded signatures, as well as the desk upon which it was written. There are also WASHINGTON'S sword, and his commission as commander-in-chief; international treaties; a whale's tooth sent by the King of the Feejee Islands in token of good-will; and a fac-simile of a treaty between the Athenians and Chalcideans, 446 B.C., engraved in Sanskrit upon a slab of marble found in the walls of the Acropolis. All the pilasters, beams,

THE NEW STATE, ARMY, AND NAVY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST.

and columns of the corridors are of iron, and the doors of mahogany; the stairs are of granite, and the balusters of bronze.

In the central pavilion of the Navy Department two grand stairways of six flights each lead from the basement to the attic. They are of marvellous construction, no two steps being alike, but each hewn and fitted with mathematical precision into its own particular angle. The balusters are exquisitely wrought in bronze, forming a brilliant contrast to the dark reddish-brown tints of the railings and newel-posts of Honduras mahogany.

The basement contains the Hydrographic Office, which possesses the largest chart-printing press in the United States. The sub-basement is only used for the heating and ventilating apparatus. The first and third floors are devoted to bureau offices. On the second are the rooms of the Secretary of the Navy and the Chief Clerk, finished in gilt and colors, and richly furnished.

The Library is on the fourth floor. Here, as in the State Department, the books are shelved in alcoves reached from a central reception-room. To designate this the most beautiful room in the world might render us liable to the accusation of laboring under an exaggerated attack of American patriotism, but we feel tempted to court the charge. It is forty feet in length by thirty in width; the floor is inlaid with English "Melton" tiling in symmetrical designs, the centre representing a golden star. The walls are panelled with the rarest marbles from different European quarries. The centre of each panel in the lower room is malachite from the Alps, a beautiful green marble with veins and white streaks in fantastic shapes, bordered with a narrow strip of sienna, a yellow marble from Italy, which in turn is surrounded by a border of griotte from France, a dark red mottled marble with streaks of white and gray running diagonally across. There are twelve of these panels in the lower room, the dimensions of which are eight and a half feet high by four and a half wide. Each panel is inclosed in a massive frame beautifully gilded and decorated. In the four corners of the room are niches, faced with bronze metal and bordered with griotte, containing mythological bronze statues representing Science, War, Industry, and Liberty. Above each statue's head protrudes a magnificent chandelier of unique workmanship. In two of the alcoves are elevators for transporting books to the gallery, which is similar to the lower floor in its adornments. The balustrade of this gallery is wrought into mythological figures. The whole is supported by immense brackets resting on twenty Corinthian pilasters. In the upper niches, corresponding with the position of the statues below, are representations of the prow of an Egyptian barge; the figure-head is a female in Egyptian costume. Over these are suspended chandeliers against a background of Nile bulrushes. There are twelve panels here also, the central pieces being a red and white conglomerate marble from the shores of Lake Champlain. These are surrounded by a narrow border of the sienna, and that by a broader border of verd-antique from Genoa. Over the entrance is a slab of verd-antique taken from one of the temples of Pompeii in 1848.

The Library is lighted by forty gas jets, two glass domes, and fourteen windows; the lower dome forms part of the ceiling, and being of ground-glass, gives a subdued light on all the ornamental work of the room.

The estimated cost of the entire building when completed is $11,250,000, and judging from the satisfactory results already obtained, we see no cause for regret, but many reasons for congratulation, as to the manner in which the generous appropriation has been invested.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

It is now one hundred and thirty-three years since the discovery of some bronze utensils and a few statues beneath the soil of the plain which stretches from the foot of Mount Vesuvius to the sea attracted the attention of the art and antiquity loving monarch Charles III. of Naples, and led to the unearthing of the buried city of Pompeii. Within that time nearly one-half the ruins have been freed from the superincumbent mass, in some places more than twenty feet thick, which covered them. Two hundred and sixty-four thousand six hundred square meters have been excavated, and three hundred and ninety-eight thousand and eighty-four still remain to excavate.

The works are at present, and have been for a period of nearly twenty years, under the able direction of Signor Michele Ruggiero, to whom the writer is indebted for the principal facts contained in this article. The title which Signor Ruggiero bears is that of "Directing Engineer of the Excavations of the Antiquities of the Kingdom of Italy." The greater part of his life has been devoted to unearthing the relics of the ancient Greek and Roman civilizations, the latter of which flourished so abundantly at the beginning of our era, in the vicinity of the present city of Naples. In 1848 he was made director of the excavations at Pozzuoli, in 1862 he assumed the direction of the works at Pompeii, and in 1877 he received his present title. Signor Ruggiero is the contemporary of M. Fiorelli, whose name is perhaps better known than any other in connection with Pompeii. M. Fiorelli, now in his fifty-seventh year, resides at Rome, where he administers the affairs of the various museums devoted to antiquity throughout Italy, the works at Pompeii and elsewhere being carried on by his successor according to the plans devised by him.

The history of the excavations at Pompeii may easily be sketched. The town was twice destroyed. In A.D. 63, when Vesuvius had been quiet for centuries, a terrific earthquake shock occurred, evidencing the re-awakening of the volcanic forces. A great part of Pompeii—its colonnades, theatres, and private dwellings—was destroyed. Scarcely had the inhabitants begun to rebuild their town, when it was overtaken by the final catastrophe of the 24th of August, A.D. 79. The first attempts at uncovering the ruins were made by the ancient inhabitants. Though deterred from any second attempt at rebuilding their city by this last and most awful visitation, occurring while they were in the act of restoring the ruin wrought by the earthquake, they nevertheless returned in parties, seeking under the mass of earth and lava such of their valuable treasures as were within easy reach. Subsequent eruptions covered the traces of their work. Finally, those who had lived in the city died and were forgotten, the story of Pompeii became a historical legend, and all traces of its existence passed from off the face of the earth.

During the Middle Ages Pompeii was entirely unknown. In 1592, the architect Fontana, while constructing a subterranean water conduit to supply the town of Torre dell' Annunziata, cut a passageway through a portion of the ruins, but made no further investigations. No attempts were really made at excavating the ruins until the work was set in motion by Charles III. in 1748. Then the amphitheatre, theatre, and other parts were disinterred, and the world began to discover that here, guarded by the earth for seventeen centuries, were the remains of a Roman city in such a state of preservation, and containing such relics, that the whole public and domestic life of the inhabitants, their manners, customs, and habits, might be distinctly understood, from the holding of a tribunal in the Forum to the baking of a loaf of bread in a baker's oven.

The wonder and enthusiasm that followed are indescribable. Scholars, antiquarians, and poets took up the theme. Among other celebrated authors, Schiller wrote:

"What wonder this—we ask the lymphid well,
O Earth, of thee—and from thy solemn womb
What yieldest thou? Is there life in the abyss?
Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
Returns the past, awakening from the tomb?....
The earth with faithful watch has hoarded all."

Under the Bourbons, the excavations at Pompeii were conducted in a very unsatisfactory manner. Statues and valuables alone were extricated, while the ruins were either suffered to fall to decay or were covered up again. Under the reign of Murat, things were managed in a rather better fashion, and the Forum, a portion of the town walls, and some private houses were disinterred. It is, however, to the patient and persevering efforts of M. Fiorelli, and the clear and systematic plans devised by him, together with the intelligent and sensible co-operation of the present government, that we are indebted for the present fine condition of the ruins, and the preservation not only of the objects found in them, but of the buildings themselves. M. Fiorelli's first move was to put a stop to all predatory operations, to organize a system of labor, and to provide for the propping of walls likely to fall, and the removal of objects discovered to safe quarters.

The number of workmen now employed in the excavations, under the direction of Signor Ruggiero, may be estimated at about one hundred. At times there may be twice as many engaged, but this is about the general average. A force of about eighty is employed in digging the earth, which is removed by a railway beyond the limits of the city. This railway, which was built in 1861, is an innovation upon the manner in which the business of transporting earth is usually accomplished in Southern Italy. It is the habit of the workmen—or the women, by whom such labor is frequently performed—to carry the loose earth for any distance in baskets mounted upon their heads. At Pompeii it is only carried in this way from the spot where it is dug to the railway which carries it off. The digging is done by a rude spade; but great care is taken when once a frescoed wall has been approached, or the interior of a house discovered, that no mischief shall be done by carelessness. The work is constantly superintended by an able overseer, who directs the operations of the persons under him.

As soon as any valuable object is disinterred from the ruins, whether it be a statue, a vase, a domestic utensil, or a fresco of more than ordinary beauty, it is taken at once to the small museum or depository near the entrance, established about 1860. Here it is cleaned and repaired, after which operations it is transferred to the National Museum at Naples. In the centre of this depository there are arranged in glass cases some of the most curious and terrible objects connected with the buried city. They are plaster casts moulded by the cavities once filled by the remains of inhabitants of Pompeii. Within two years there were found among the ruins eighty-seven human skeletons, and three dogs and seven horses. When the volcano first burst forth, there came in the beginning a rain of ashes, which covered the city to a depth of three feet. These ashes have preserved to a certain extent the bodies of the unfortunate creatures whom they overwhelmed. Although the soft parts of the bodies had decayed in course of time, their forms frequently remained imprinted on the ashes, which afterward hardened. In 1863, M. Fiorelli made the ingenious experiment of carefully removing the bones of a body thus imbedded, and filling the cavity with plaster. It succeeded most admirably in preserving as he wished the figures and attitudes of the victims after their death-struggle. In the moment of flight many had divested themselves of most of their clothing. Among the figures are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a mother clasping her youthful daughter, and a man lying upon his left side. These terrible casts show only too well the awful agony in which these wretched creatures died. Smothered by the ashen rain, tortured by the burning lava, these shapes of plaster represent the most horrible extremes of human suffering. There is one cast of a dog, which, at the moment that death intervened, had writhed himself into an attitude that must have wrenched joint from joint. In addition to this museum a school and library were established at Pompeii some fifteen years ago by M. Fiorelli, the students, who give themselves to archæological studies, being supported by the government. Under a new and recent organization they are permitted to spend their time in visiting the excavations going on in different parts of the peninsula, and remain only a portion of the year at Pompeii.

The year 1880 and the early part of 1881 were especially fertile in discoveries of value and importance at Pompeii. A large number of buildings, mostly dwelling-houses, were unearthed, and many interesting objects obtained. Among the more important relics of ancient art was a bronze faun or satyr, ornamenting, when found, the façade of an imposing mansion. This faun is fifty-five centimeters in height, beautiful in execution, but more or less injured by the coloring matter that was originally used upon it. The head is surrounded by a wreath, and on the shoulder rests a huge leather bag or bottle. The glance of the faun is turned toward the neck of the bottle, and he appears to be watching an imaginary stream with a sort of half-drunken ecstasy. Such designs as these were frequent among the Pompeiians for their fountains, fauns and satyrs in various stages of inebriety being a favorite subject with their artists. Another bronze found in a similar position to this one, on the façade of a mansion, represents Cupid with the dolphin. The marine animal is perched upon the boy's right shoulder, while in his left hand he holds a flower. Cupid is frequently depicted in connection with the dolphin in ancient sculptures, with what special significance it is hard to discover; but an Italian poet suggests that the flower in his hand and the dolphin, which he always holds in check, indicate his sovereign rule over land and sea:

"Sweet is young Love with his face, like the morn, fresh and beaming;
And his heart must be free by the light from his eyes that is streaming.
Where is his bow, and the arrows that bring mortals anguish?
Can he deal no more heart-wounds 'neath whose power we shall languish?
Ah, not in vain is the great dolphin held in subjection,
And the flower in his hand is no sign of protection,
But a symbol of power. We can never ignore him.
On land and on ocean Love rules all before him."

A very remarkable group of statuettes was found in a chapel situated off the main hall, or atrium, of a house. These chapels were quite customary in Pompeiian dwellings, and contained the Lares and Penates, or household gods, with which each family was usually well supplied. The main figure, a female deity representing Fortune, is seated between two Lares, while above her head was suspended an elegant lamp. The goddess is covered with an ample tunic and a mantle. The various parts of the chair or throne were covered with handsome ornaments, as were also the circular bases supporting the Lares. Two Tritons in the act of sounding their trumpets are perched upon the back of the chair. The latter is pronounced by artists and archæologists in Italy to be a most perfect model of the sculptured chairs usually found in antique monuments. The lamp is a remarkable object, being shaped like a human foot clad in the most elegant boot, and was originally profusely ornamented with silver, now thoroughly oxidized by the influence of time.

The works of art and other relics that have been transferred from Pompeii to the museum at Naples occupy a large portion of that immense building, which was originally built in 1586 by the Viceroy, Duke of Ossuna, for a cavalry barracks, and two hundred years later was fitted up for the reception of the royal collection of antiquities and pictures. The Pompeiian frescoes alone fill more than one-half the rooms on the ground-floor. Seven rooms and a corridor scarcely furnish sufficient space to accommodate the collection. They are grouped according to their subjects, and each group is furnished with a Roman numeral. These works are, with the exception of painted vases and mosaics, almost the only specimens of ancient paintings that have come down to us. From them we learn how the painters of those early times treated light and color and shade. Many of them are beautifully conceived, and executed with an easy, masterly touch. Their range is wide, including landscapes and historical and mythological subjects. Some of them may be copies from celebrated or favorite pictures of the time, but the style is such as to preclude the idea that they were mechanically copied or stencilled, and the easy, rapid execution shows that they were intended for effect, and not for close inspection. The bronzes and marbles from Pompeii are remarkably well preserved.

The upper story of the museum is almost entirely devoted to relics of Pompeii. Here are the household utensils, the earthen dishes, the drinking vessels, the loaves of bread, and the other remnants of charred food and clothing that were discovered among the ruins. These objects give one almost a more vivid impression of the terrific calamity that overtook Pompeii than a visit to the city itself. Here are the bottles of oil, the pans filled with meat, the bread taken from the oven, the remains of fish, dates, nuts, eggs, and all the other articles of food that supplied the table of a Roman family. One of the most significant objects is a well-preserved purse containing three copper coins, and suggesting that the fortunes of some one among the inhabitants of Pompeii were at a low ebb.

The parts of Pompeii which have already been excavated are probably the most important, although there is of course no means of knowing what may lie under the green acres at present undisturbed. We have, however, the Forum with the contiguous temples and public buildings, two theatres with large colonnades, the amphitheatre, and a considerable number of private dwellings of more or less ornate character. The streets bordered by pavement are straight and narrow, the widest not being more than twenty-four feet in breadth, but they are admirably paved with large polygonal blocks of lava. At intervals, especially at the corners, are placed high stepping-stones leading from one side of the pavement to the other, intended for the use of foot-passengers in rainy weather. The wagons have made deep ruts in the causeways, and the horses' hoofs have made impressions on the stepping-stones over which they were obliged to pass. In the streets are frequently seen notices painted in red letters, referring generally to the election of the municipal authorities, and recommending some particular individual as ædile or duumvir, for the purpose of averting the evil-eye, and one or two large snakes, the emblems of the Lares, the gods of the hearth and of cross-ways, are very common. Stuccoed walls are often covered with roughly scratched drawings resembling those wherewith the street Arabs of our own day delight to decorate blank surfaces.

The dwelling-houses of Pompeii differ greatly in size, and were obviously fitted up in accordance with the nature of the situation or the means and taste of their owners. A few are built of blocks of stone, but the majority of small stones or brick consolidated with cement. The patched and hasty manner of their construction is doubtless accounted for by the haste with which they were erected and restored after the earthquake. Most of the apartments are very small, but the family worked and spent most of their time in the light and airy courts. Marble is rarely to be met with in the public or domestic architecture of Pompeii, the columns being invariably constructed of tuff-stone or brick cemented with mortar. The brick walls and columns were then covered with stucco, which took the place of marble, and afforded ample scope for decorative painting.

Those of the public buildings of Pompeii that have been excavated are grouped near together. The central point is the Forum. Here, one hundred and nine feet above the level of the sea, stand the ruins of this building, never finished, but raised to half its imposing height only to be destroyed. Six streets converge here, but the Forum was protected against the trespass of riders or of wagons by stone pillars around the margins, and could even be entirely shut off by gates. In the interior may still be seen the solid bases prepared for the statues of emperors and other illustrious men. At the eastern end of the Forum stands the so-called "Temple of Augustus," a building the object of which is involved in a mystery that no scholar or antiquarian has ever been able to solve. In front of it are pedestals for statues, and shops possibly occupied by money-changers. The interior consists of a rectangular court still unfinished when the catastrophe took place. To the right, as the visitor enters, are eleven chambers simply painted red. On the east side, opposite the entrance, rises the principal shrine, to the left of which is another with an altar. This was, perhaps, employed in the celebration of sacrificial banquets. The gallery on the left side is believed to have been an orchestra. To the right, a larger apartment, containing stands of masonry, with a slight inclination, and furnished with gutters below to carry off blood or water, is believed to have been a kitchen. The "Thermæ," or public baths, situated near the Forum, occupy a space inclosed by four streets. The different apartments for hot and cold baths are easily traced. In one a niche at the end contains a marble basin for washing the hands and face with cold water. An inscription near by records that it was erected at a cost of 5250 sesterces, or about two hundred dollars. Besides these baths there is another and larger establishment called the Stabian Thermæ.

One of the most interesting of the temples of Pompeii is that dedicated to Isis. This, as the copy of the inscription over the entrance informs us, was restored after the earthquake of 63 by N. Popidius Celsinus, a boy of six years, at his own expense, who in recognition of this service was received into the rank of decuriones. This small boy must have been a most precocious young antiquarian, and with tastes differing widely from those usually characteristic of his species. There is a natural inclination to fancy that there must have been some fanatical devotee of adult years in the case, who despoiled the small boy of his fortune while the latter was eating his bread and molasses, serenely unconscious of what was being done with his possessions. The proportions of this temple were about ninety feet by sixty. The court is surrounded by a porticus, and between the columns are several altars. An ancient aperture for the reception of the remains of sacrifices is now used as an air-shaft for the Sarno Tunnel. When the ruin was first excavated, a statuette of Isis was found, several bodies were discovered, and on the fire-place were remains of food. One of the best preserved portions of Pompeii is the "Street of Tombs." Here, upon each side of the great military highway leading from Capua to Naples, Pompeii, and Regio, stand a number of the magnificent monuments covered with inscriptions that the Romans were so fond of erecting along their great thoroughfares for the reception of their dead.

Three years ago the celebration of the eighteenth centennial of the destruction of Pompeii took place. Crowds gathered in her streets, speeches were made, and summaries given of all that has been accomplished in the way of unearthing the buried city since it was first undertaken. To-day the work is going forward as rapidly as is possible, considering the limited means at the command of the director. On being asked how long it would be before the whole operation was completed, Signor Ruggiero replied that the labor yet to be accomplished would at the present rate of progress consume more than half a century. It will be the grandchildren of the present generation therefore, that will see the last spadeful of earth lifted from above the ruins of Pompeii. There

is now expended upon the excavations annually a sum amounting to about ten thousand dollars. A large portion of this is made up from the fees paid by visitors, though on Sunday the ruins may be visited without the payment of any fee. On other days there is a charge of about forty cents. At the entrance visitors are provided with a guide, who is bound to accompany the party and pilot them through the ruins for any number of hours between sunrise and sunset. These guides, usually discharged veterans from the army or naval service, number about sixty, and each is provided with a badge numbered according to the seniority of the wearers, No. 1 being the oldest. Some of these poor fellows speak French and even a little English, and one with such linguistic accomplishments may be had by applying at the office. Frequently, however, the visitor will find that if he himself has the slightest knowledge of Italian, he will learn more by allowing the guide to stick to his vernacular, their performances with foreign tongues being often incomprehensible and ludicrous beyond description. It is no uncommon thing for a traveller from the British Islands or America to fail to understand what is said to him, and then, after bemoaning his ignorance of foreign languages, find that the statement has been made in what his guide supposes to be English.

The discipline and order of everything connected with the ruins is most admirable. The officers are attentive and polite, and the guides forbidden, on pain of discharge, to demand or even accept gratuities of any kind. Permission to draw and take measurements is easily obtained, and artists and students may provide themselves with free tickets, available for a fortnight, and easily renewed, by applying to the secretary of the museum at Naples. The director himself is approachable on all questions of more than trivial importance, and readily places the results of his twenty years' study and experience among the excavations at Pompeii and elsewhere before the visitor. Signor Ruggiero has from time to time published several pamphlets upon the mechanical arts and other questions connected with the construction of ancient buildings. He disclaims, however, being an archæologist or antiquarian, announcing himself simply as an architect and an engineer. At present he is giving a large portion of his time to the preparation of a quarto volume upon the excavations at Stabia.

Before visiting the buried city, the traveller should not fail to acquire some knowledge of the place from books and plans. The more familiar he is with the objects from reading, the greater will be his enjoyment. Implicit confidence can not be placed in the guides for anything beyond the whereabouts of different localities of buildings, and those who have time to visit the ruins but once should avoid occupying much of their time with the minutiæ, as the impression produced by the whole is thereby sacrificed, or at least diminished. And the time spent in the ruins should not be too long, for the impression upon the mind is intensely exciting, and upon the body correspondingly exhausting. In summer the streets of Pompeii are often insufferably hot, so that those who visit it during that season will find the evening the most enjoyable time, when the fierce heat of the day has subsided, and the lights and shades on the surrounding mountains, and the illumination produced by the declining sun, invest the ruins with a magic fascination.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Revival of Pugilism.—Medical Diplomas.—A new Terror of the Sea.—English Views of Longfellow.—A queer Affirmation.—A determined Suicide.—Involuntary Photographs.

I am sorry that the mere presence of persons at a prize-fight has been decided as not being "aiding and abetting"; most people who frequent them are abetting, and all deserve to be punished. It is a vile and beastly exhibition, compared with which the old gladiatorial combats were heroic. With its revival, cock-fighting has been revived. Perhaps this was nothing more than might have been expected from the supineness of our magistrates, and the long unchecked brutality of our roughs, but it shocks one's moral sense. Is the boasted civilization of the last half-century, after all, then, only skin-deep? That one of our prize-fights has taken place in a chapel is, however, a matter of congratulation, since it calls public attention to this revival of barbarism. "The altar rails," we are told, "were freely used to form a ring." What I fear is that this sacrilegious outrage will be made use of as an excuse by unregenerate youth for non-attendance at public worship. As the sluggard was wont to imagine "a lion in the way," so the theological truant will affect to be influenced by physical fear. "I should have gone to church," he will say, "but I was so afraid there would be a prize-fight."

The German diplomas under which persons illegally practicing the medical profession used to shelter themselves have given place to "degrees of medicine of British India." English doctors in India are not thought very highly of except for gunshot wounds and diseases incident to military life. At a late ambulance meeting in London a lady "stumped" the lecturer a good deal by asking him what he would do in the case of a baby who had swallowed a safety-pin; and Indian doctors are said to be easily "stumped" in matters connected with women and children. Their returning to England, therefore, to pursue their profession as general practitioners is a little ridiculous, and this absurdity is certainly increased when they have been originally black men. In Liverpool, however, "one Ethens de Tomazie, a man of color," seems to have inspired much public confidence under these circumstances. To complete the humor of the case, this gentleman had a partner, who stated that he was "an American physician, but had never been in America." He had passed a postal examination, which had conferred upon him the title of M.D. The notion of a scientific examination by post is really charming. The "degree" costs only £20, this gentleman tells us. So for £25—since a substitute to answer questions would scarcely cost more than £5—we could all be M.D.'s to-morrow.

As an example of the undreamed-of dangers to which "a life on the ocean wave" is liable, the invention Xerotine Siccative paint must always hold a high place. The explosion on board the *Triumph* and the loss of the *Dottrel* seem to have been without doubt caused by it. All such paint now in store in her Majesty's dock-yards has been ordered to be forthwith destroyed. But in the mean time only think of the risks that have been run! "Only a plank between us and eternity" should have had the complement (if we had but known it), "and a cake of Xerotine Siccative among the carpenter's stores."

In the death of Longfellow many English households have lost a friend. He was essentially a domestic poet; he wrote to the purpose, "easy things to understand," in most melodious verse. With those to whom Tennyson is more or less difficult, Longfellow is always intelligible. To compare them, though it is often done, is a great mistake. There is no comparison to be made between them save that by which Tennyson himself contrasts the passions of women with those of men:

"As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

No one capable of judgment would affirm that Longfellow was equal to the English laureate either in grasp of thought or facility of expression, but he was by no means a Tennyson-and-water. His moonlight is no borrowed sheen, but has an exquisite softness of its own. Moreover, which is a good test of a genuine poet, he is not only quotable, but greatly quoted. He has written many things which the world of readers will not willingly let die. As in the case of Shakspeare's songs and Shelley's, there are lines in Longfellow which haunt us whether we will or no.

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,"

is the beginning of a poem as exquisite as Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air," while his modest description of his own rank in a poetical scale—for such I have always judged it to be, though he makes no positive reference to himself—will be familiar to every reader:

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time:
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

"In this connection," as his countrymen phrase it, Longfellow will be remembered when some greater poets will have been forgotten. He has done, indeed, what a greater poet could not have done: taught thousands of commonplace people to appreciate poetry who otherwise would never have done so. It may be said that Tupper did as much; but the difference lies in this—that in the one case the poetry was genuine, and in the other bastard. To compare small things with great, Longfellow is indeed as much a "household word" as Dickens was, and his loss will be felt wherever the English tongue is spoken in the same private sense.

At the City of London Court last week there was a pretty thing in the way of affirmation. A Parsee witness was called, and there not being enough sun, I suppose, to swear by, he was asked "how he would take it"—that is, his oath. The Parsee said that nothing was binding on his conscience but a certain charm on his watch chain. This puzzled "the Court." The commissioner was "doubtful"; he had always understood that Parsees were sworn upon a cow's tail, that animal being much more sacred in India than in Ireland. The Parsee, however, averred that cows' tails, except in soup, were nothing to him. So he was sworn upon his charm. I see that Mr. Bradlaugh has been giving £15 15*s.* for the recovery of a St. Bernard from the dog-stealers. There must therefore be *something* that he holds sacred. Can he not be sworn upon the dog?

Of all the determined suicides I ever read of, the one which occurred in some metal-works at Birmingham the other day is the most terrible. The man left his work, and "walking to some machinery which was going at a high speed, deliberately jumped into it." His end, of course (as *Punch* said of the burst locomotive), was "pieces"; but what amazing resolution such a step must have involved!

Krupp, who makes the cannon, naturally believes in heavy guns, and he has the courage of his opinions. He lately requested his 6000 workmen to be vaccinated. Six of them acceded to his wishes. As Mr. Krupp did not wish to catch the small-pox, he then put it a little stronger. "Be vaccinated," he said, "or leave my employment." And the whole army at once laid down their arms—or at least presented them for puncture.

I suppose as much mischief is done by injudicious officiousness as by downright vice. Lord Archibald Campbell—a near connection, it should be remembered, to the object of the benefaction—has been touting at Inverness for subscriptions for a marriage present to "Scotland's junior duke," Prince Leopold. "I hope Inverness," he says to its Town Council, "will come to the front on this occasion; and I may add that the money collected from all classes will be welcome, down to the pence of the poor." It was unanimously voted by the Town Council that this interesting communication should "lie on the table" unanswered.

The last invention of science is a machine to take your likeness by photography unawares. Mr. Tennyson and other celebrities who have an objection to have their portraits taken will no longer be able to enjoy the sunshine, but must take the air at night only. The apparatus is contained in an ordinary opera-glass, in which "matched lenses" and "dry plate holders" are substituted for the usual eye-pieces. "The dark chamber used is a cylinder of black cloth like a muff, which fits tightly about the wrist by means of elastic bands." One look at you, and the thing is done. This will afford an opportunity for jokers to immortalize their friends in the most ridiculous positions. R. Kemble, of London.

THE LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA.

Whether it be this gladsome day,
Whose perfect beauty lies
In a golden sheen on the ocean's breast
'Neath the laughing summer skies,
Whose sunbeams glisten and gleam and glance
'Mid the sleepy forest trees,
While the meadow grasses are hard at play
With the fragrant, frolicsome breeze;

Or whether it be the happy news
This day has given to me,
This treasure my hand and heart hold fast,
This letter from over the sea—
Oh, I've asked my heart a score of times
Why it has grown so gay,
Whether because of our precious gift,
Or because of the gladsome day;

And my heart has questioned of me as well
Wherefore my lips should sing,
And why to my eyes persistently
The happy tears should cling;
And here by the casement as I stand
In the breath of the flowers fair,
And the subtle fragrance of clover bloom
Filling the summer air,

With the sunbeams kissing my brow and hair,
And turning to shining gold
The words which come from over the sea,
The letter my hand doth hold.
We answer each other, my heart and I:
"Though the day be fair and bright,
Yet neither to breeze, nor flower, nor sun,
Do we owe our sweet delight;

"But only to this, the precious gift
Which claims both heart and hand,
And wooes as only love can woo,
Love only understand."
And thus it is that the gladsome day,
With its joyous azure skies,
Its golden shadows, and merry breeze,
Seems perfect to my eyes.

We had not dreamed, my heart and I,
That there could such gladness be
As has come to us on this summer day
In our letter from over the sea.
So shine, ye sunbeams, glisten and gleam,
And turn my letter to gold;
For hiding safe in its own white folds
A dear old story is told.

Mary D. Brine.

WATER TELESCOPES.

Considering the cheap and easy construction of these useful instruments, it is wonderful they are not used more than they are, as, by employing them, extremely interesting observations can be made on the denizens of sea or river. To make a water telescope, procure a tube made of tin, and funnel-shaped, about three and a half feet long, and nine inches in diameter at the broadest end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom or wide end, a clear thick piece of glass must be inserted, with a little lead, in the form of a ring, to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water, it is astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see. One of these simple contrivances would greatly enhance the pleasure of water picnics, as much amusement would be afforded by watching the inhabitants below, and it would also prove very useful in surveying deep places that have been ground-baited, for, if no fish were seen collected there, another spot would naturally be chosen. The Norwegians employ this instrument largely for ascertaining the position of herring shoals, and in their cod-fisheries. Often by the use of the telescope they discover fish which otherwise they would not have known of.

A CAT WITH A STRANGE FAMILY.

A few years ago, says a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, when visiting at a neighbor's house, it was mentioned in the course of conversation that there was then on the premises a singular case of a cat having adopted children from a nest of one of her natural victims. On my expressing a wish to witness this phenomenon, I was at once taken to the stable-yard, and there shown a fine female cat nursing a family composed of two kittens and two handsome young rats, the whole four living in perfect harmony. On my inquiring the history of this remarkable group, I was informed by the coachman in charge that shortly after the cat-mother had given birth to a litter of kittens she had been deprived by him of all but three. The mother evidently did not approve of this reduction in her family, became restless for a time, and on her again settling down it was discovered she had replaced one of her murdered children by a fine young rat. Seeing this, and knowing that cats were too numerous to please the gamekeeper, the coachman determined to destroy one of the three remaining kittens, which was done. On the following morning the coachman, on visiting the cat's nursery, was not a little surprised to discover that the mother, in lieu of her murdered offspring, had introduced into her nursery a second young rat.

The two kittens, in company with the two rats, had been impartially nursed, and were, when I saw them, living in perfect harmony. They were at that time about two months old, and were residing together in an old wine case, with a piece of wire-netting thrown over the top. The young rats were pretty-looking, sleek creatures, with bright brown eyes, and evidently well nourished. They were, however, of different dispositions; for whilst the one would with confidence return the visitor's gaze, the other disliked being looked at by strangers, and would, on the approach of the latter, make rather frantic endeavors to conceal itself amongst the fur of its foster-mother.

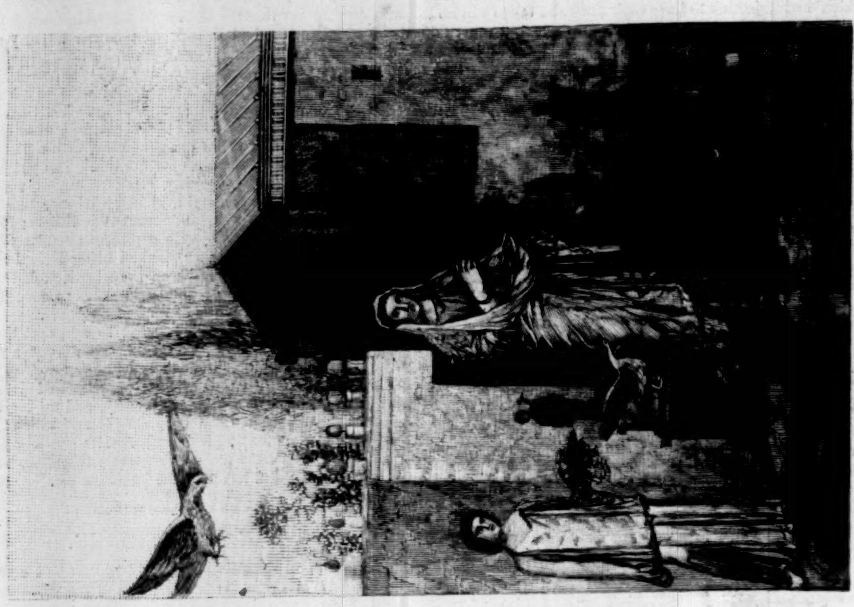
I afterward learned, I regret to say, that the family party was broken up in an abrupt and unsatisfactory manner. The friendly coachman had left his situation. The cat-mother had given way to some poaching proclivities, and during a nocturnal ramble had been caught and killed in one of the gamekeeper's traps. The kittens and young rats were thereafter thrown friendless on the world, and left no trace behind them.

THE FOX-TERRIER.

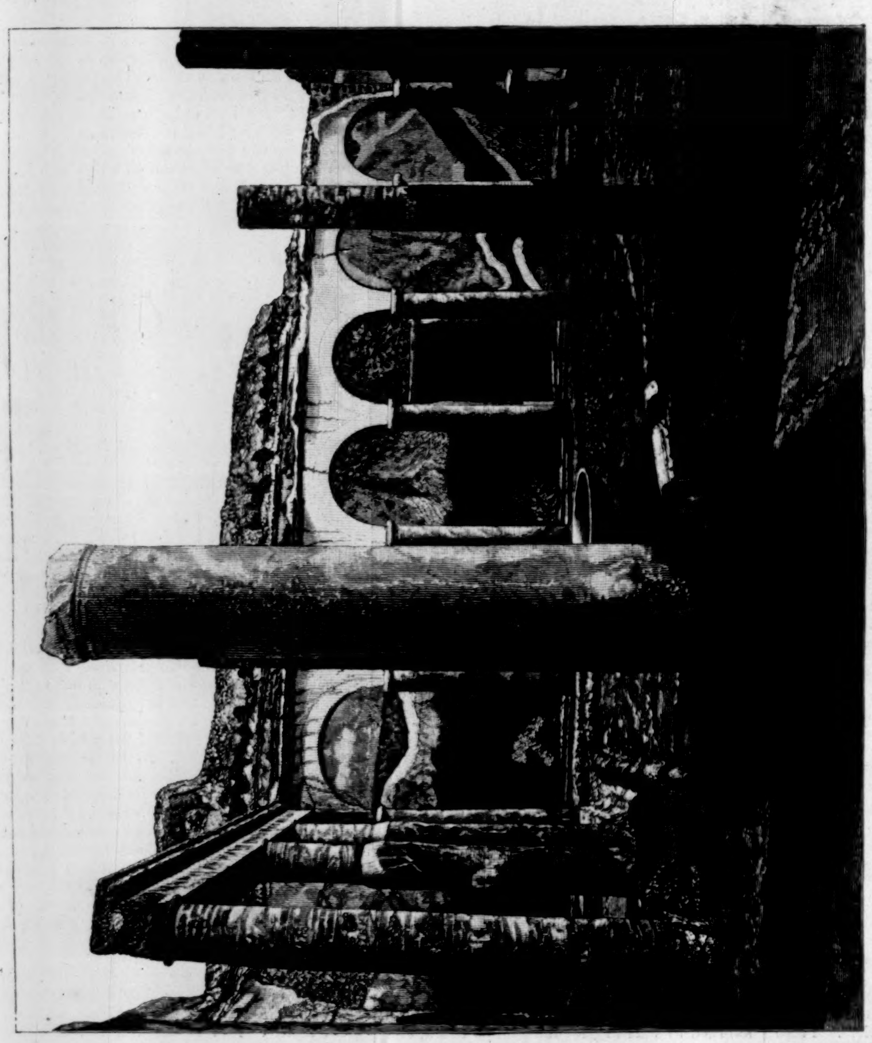
Though the fox-terrier is of very recent creation, his origin is wrapped in obscurity. No doubt there were fox-terriers from the beginning—that is, dogs whose vocation was to bolt foxes or indicate their whereabouts in the earth for the benefit of the huntsmen. But they seem to have been of no particular type, and certainly were not bred with any attention to the special points which are now required in the breed. In Blaine's *Encyclopædia of British Sports*, even so late as in the edition of 1870, no mention is made of any particular breed of terriers as appropriate to fox-hunting; and the only wood-cut in illustration exhibits two dogs, one of which is a rough nondescript and the other crop-eared. According to Stonehenge, the original fox-terriers were for the most part black and tan in color, as they still are in some hunting districts where terriers continue to be used. In the west of England they employed a rough-haired pied dog, whose type yet survives in the modern wire-haired variety, the best of whom are believed to be sprung from a breed kept by the celebrated sporting parson, "Jack Russell." The smooth fox-terrier of the shows is a breed due entirely to artificial selection, which was as distinctly created to "meet a want" as the kangaroo-dog or the colley. Before 1862 there was not even a special class for fox-terriers at any of the shows. It was in that year that Mr. Wootton, of Nottingham, who may be called the father of the fancy, exhibited in a class for the first time established for "white and other smooth-haired English terriers (except black-and-tan)" the famous dog Jock, who is the Eclipse, and something more, of the fox-terrier genealogies. Jock's father is reputed to have been a black-and-tan terrier; and it was from him that what has come to be one of the distinctive marks of the breed (though not a point essential), the black-and-tan head, was derived. Since those days the breed has been fixed into the fox-terrier as we know him now—a dog whom shows have done more to improve and to popularize than any other.

The true fox-terrier should not greatly exceed eighteen pounds in weight. At most shows there is a class for dogs above and another for dogs below that weight, but it can not be doubted that the tendency is toward the lower weight. According to some great authorities, a fox-terrier should never exceed sixteen pounds—the reason given being that dogs over this weight are unable to go to earth, and therefore useless for the one function which fox-terriers were ordained to serve. To this it may be answered that a very small proportion of fox-terriers have nowadays anything to do with foxes. They are kept for rabbiting, for coursing, for ratting, for general sporting, for amusement; and whether they are smaller or bigger, provided they are otherwise good, is no great matter. And although it is true that a small dog will enter a hole that a large one can not, yet a large dog is stronger and faster, and much of the work that falls on fox-terriers in these days makes a demand for strength and speed. Other things being equal, a dog of sixteen pounds is preferable on the whole to one of greater weight.

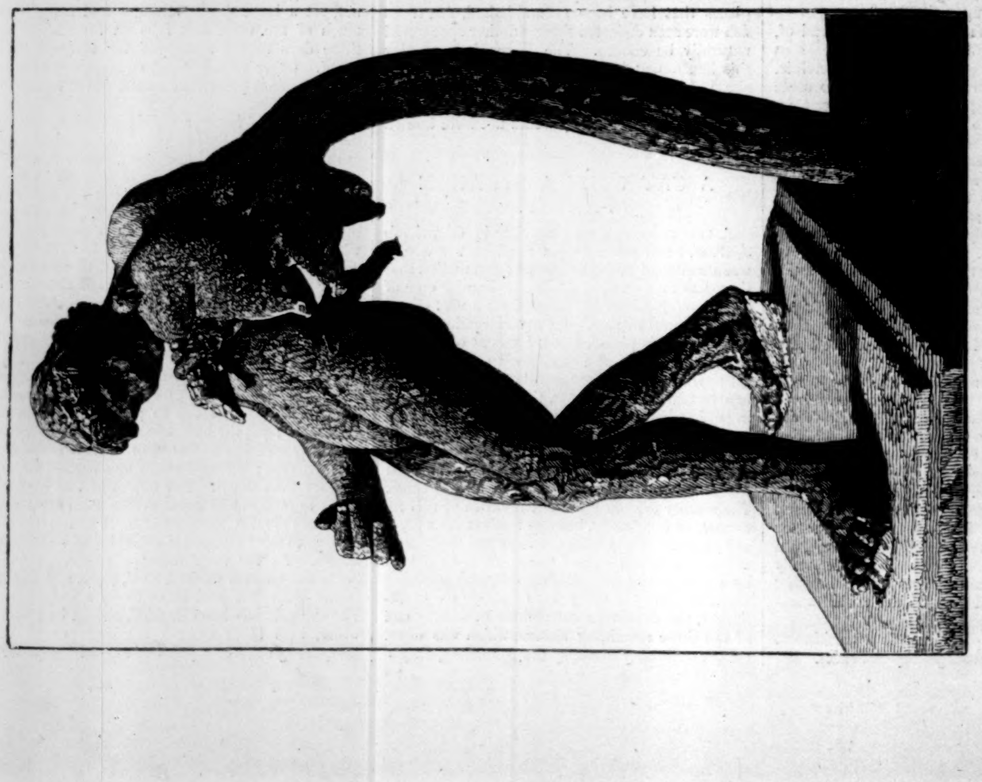
Symmetry of frame, a well-knit back and loins, deep shoulders, a narrow chest, and straight legs are the most essential qualifying points in a fox-terrier. The body should be as nearly as possible a square, neither the back nor the legs too long. The chest should be narrow, though narrowness of chest does not by any means conflict with strength of shoulder if that is sufficiently deep. The legs and feet are points of very great importance. The former should be of almost the same diameter from top to toe as seen from the front; the latter set down firmly with as little evidence of toes as possible. To be "cat-footed" is about as bad a fault as a fox-terrier can have. The head and ears are points to which perhaps an exaggerated amount of value has been attached. They pertain more to good looks than to good work; yet the head should be long, flat, and gradually tapering to the nose without much dip in the profile; the ears small and carried rather forward than down. The object of this kind of ear is to protect the aural orifice from sand and dirt when the dog is under earth. The tail it is the fashion to have cropped to one-third of its normal length. As for the fox-terrier's coat, it should be, in the smooth variety, hard, close, and dense, rather than fine and short as in a bull-terrier. The color, it has been decided, should be mainly white, with black-and-tan markings about the face, though this is a point of small importance.



A WALL PAINTING.



COURT-YARD OF A PUBLIC BUILDING.



STATUE OF A FAUN.

CASTS OF HUMAN BODIES AS DISCOVERED.

A WINE SHOP.

A CANINE VICTIM.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.—From Recent Photographs.—[See Page 294.]

THE ICE JOURNEY AFTER LEAVING THE "JEANNETTE."

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

THE intelligence that Engineer MELVILLE's search for Captain DE LONG and his party ended in the mournful discovery of their dead bodies in the dreary delta of the Lena River was not unexpected. There was little hope that the heroic band would be found alive. But there is something peculiarly tragic in their fate.

They landed, it will be remembered, about September 17, at one of the mouths of the Lena, abandoning their boat, which they could not drag nearer than within a mile of the shore. DE LONG built a cairn, where he remained a day or two, in order to rest his men, and then pushed southward along the eastern shore of the Lena, leaving his log-books and some instruments on the beach. On the 28th of September he found himself on the end of a peninsula, where he waited until the 1st of October for the river to freeze over, when he crossed to the western shore.

In reaching this spot DE LONG passed within a few miles of people and supplies of food. Only a short distance from his course was a hut containing sixteen reindeer carcasses, and at another place a village of one hundred inhabitants, where he could have found shelter had he known of its position. The details of his painful and laborious march, as given in the New York *Herald* of May 6, were discovered by MELVILLE during his search, documents having been left at various points where the party halted. The men appear to have kept up their courage wonderfully in spite of their sufferings.

There were fourteen in the party when the landing was made. These were Lieutenant DE LONG, Surgeon AMBLER, MR. COLLINS, W. F. C. NINDERMAN, A. GURTZ, AH SAM, ALEXAI, H. H. ERIKSON, H. KNACK, G. W. BOYD, W. LEE, N. IVORSON, L. P. NOROS, and A. DRESSLER. All the party, including the captain, were badly frost-bitten, the doctor alone being in comparatively good condition.

On the 9th of October, DE LONG determined to send NOROS and NINDERMAN ahead. The food had been quite exhausted, and the party was subsisting on brandy. The story of the parting is inexpressibly sad. NOROS thinks it was a Sunday when they left. DE LONG held divine service, the men seated on the banks of the river. The men then shook hands, and some of them had tears in their eyes. COLLINS was the last to bid them good-by. He simply said, "NOROS, when you get to New York, remember me." Those who were left behind appeared to have lost all hope. Nevertheless, they gave their parting comrades three cheers. "We told them," says NOROS, "that we would do all we could for them, and that was the last we saw of them."

NOROS and NINDERMAN pursued their weary march southward. They sighted deer once, but could not get at them. Sometimes they made a kind of tea from the bark of the arctic willow, and they managed to chew and swallow portions of their skin breeches and the leather soles of their moccasins. After several days of weary tramping they found two deserted huts, and a store-house in which there was a small quantity of mouldy fish. There they remained three days to rest. On the third day a native came to the huts, and NOROS tried in vain to make him understand that there were other men to the northward. NINDERMAN's account is very pathetic. We give it just as written to the American Minister at St. Petersburg: "On the afternoon of the 23d or thareabouts a *native* came to the hut, we tryed to make him understand that there was eleven more men north, could not make him understand he took us too his camp whare thare was six more, also a lot of sleighs and raindeer they travilling at the time south, next morning broak camp came to a settlement on the 25th, called Ajakit there tryed again to make the people understand there was more people north, did not succeed, Ajakit is lat 70 deg. 55 min. north, long. not known as the chart is a coppy, sent for the govener to Bulun, came 27th he knew the ships name, and knew about NORDENCHAWL, but could not talk English, we tried to make him understand that the Captain was in a starving condition or probably dead, and that we wanted natives, Raindeer and food to get them, as I thought that we could make it in five or six days to save them from starvation but the Govoner made signs that he had to Telegraph to St Petersberg, he then sent us on to *Bulun*."

Acting on the information received from NOROS and NINDERMAN, Engineer MELVILLE proceeded on his search, with the melancholy result already known. It is one of the saddest tragedies of Arctic exploration.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. DE LONG.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE, ENGINEER.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. CHIPP.

THE WEARY MARCH ALONG THE RIVER LENA.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

THE HISTORY OF AN ACRE.

A.D. 1616.—The "Swan Inn," Knightsbridge, with a pightle of land and three acres of meadow skirting Hyde Park, was leased by the Freeholder, Agmondisham Muscamp, to Giles Broncham, of Knightsbridge, Winifred his wife, and Roger their son; rent £30 a year.

A.D. 1634.—The same Freeholder leased the above to Richard Callawaie and his son, for their lives; rent £30 a year.

A.D. 1671.—The above lease was surrendered, and a new one granted to Richard Callawaie, the younger, for forty-two years; rent £42.

October 19 *and* 20, *A.D.* 1674.—The then Freeholder, William Muscamp, Jane his wife, and Ambrose their son, sold the property, subject to Callawaie's lease and a mortgage of £200, to Richard Portress, Baker and Citizen of London, for £680.

December 5, *A.D.* 1674.—Portress sold to Robert Cole for a trifling profit.

March 17, *A.D.* 1682.—Cole mortgaged the property to Squire Howland, of Streatham, for £200, with forfeiture forever if not redeemed by payment of £212, on or before September 18, 1682. This marks the tightness of money in those days, and the high interest paid on undeniable security. The terms of the forfeiture were rigorous, and the £212 was not paid; but the mortgagee showed forbearance. He even allowed Cole to divide the security, and sell the odd three acres, in 1684, to Richard Callawaie, for £180. For this sum was then conveyed the site of all the buildings now abutting on Hyde Park, from the "Corner" to opposite Sloane Street, and including, *inter alia*, nearly the whole of Lord Rosebery's sites.

July, A.D. 1686.—Nicholas Burchade, Goldsmith and Citizen of London, purchased the "Swan" and pightle (subject to Iveson's lease for 21 years at £50 a year). He paid to Howland, the patient mortgagee, £239 15*s.*; to Cole and his wife, £700.

But in less than a year he sold to Edward Billing, Tobacconist, for £602 10*s.*

Billing may be assumed to have also purchased Callawaie's lot, for though no negotiation either with Burchade or Billing is disclosed in the recitals, Callawaie's interest in the property disappears between 1686 and 1719, and the heirs of Billing are found possessed of the whole property.

A.D. 1701.—Edward Billing made a will, leaving to his wife the "Swan" and pightle for her life, and this is the first document which defines that property precisely.

July, A.D. 1719.—James Billing, of Boston, Carpenter, and Mary his wife, sold to John Clarke, Baker, the entire property, for £675, subject to Anne Billing's life-interest in the "Swan."

Some years later, Anne Billing sold her life-interest to Clarke for £29 10*s.* per annum.

John Clarke was the first to take a right view of this property and its capabilities.

A.D. 1722.—He granted a building lease, for 61 years, of the three acres, ground-rents £3 per house.

His successor, Jonathan Clarke, followed suit, and, in

A.D. 1776, condemned the "Swan," and granted the materials, the site, and the pightle, on building lease, to Ralph Mills, for a much shorter time than is general nowadays, on condition of his building 18 houses, one of which to be the Freeholder's, rent free, and Mills paying £59 a year for the other 17.

Now in the will of Edward Billing, already referred to, and dated 1701, the "Swan" and its messuages, and its pightle, are described as "lying near *the bridge*, and bounded west by Sir Hugh Vaughan's lands, east by the Lazar-cot, north by the wall of Hyde Park, and south by the King's Highway." I should have called it the Queen's Highway; but you must be born before you can be consulted in trifles. From this document, coupled with the building lease of 1776, we can trace the property to a square foot; the back slum now leading to four houses called "High Row," together with those houses, covers the area of the old "Swan Inn." The houses lately called "Albert Terrace," and numbered correctly, but now called "Albert Gate," and numbered prophetically, are, with their little gardens, the pightle.

The "Swan Inn," condemned in 1776, was demolished in 1778, not 88, as the guide-books say, and the houses rose. The ground-leases were not a bad bargain for the builder, since in 1791 I find his tenants paid him £539 a year: but it was an excellent one for the Freeholder's family—the ground-leases expired, and the last Clarke enjoyed both land and houses gratis. The three acres of meadow had got into Chancery, and were dispersed among little Clarkes and devoured by lawyers.

A.D. 1830.—The last Clarke died, and left "High Row" and the back slum, erst the "Swan Inn," and the 18 houses built on the pightle—in two undivided moieties—to a Mr. Franklin, and to his own housekeeper, Anne Byford. Mrs. Byford was a worthy, prudent woman, from the county Durham, who had put by money, and kept it in an obsolete chimney *more mulierum*. But now, objecting, like most of us, to an undivided moiety, she swept her cold chimney, and, with the help of her solicitor and trusty friend Mr. Charles Hird, she borrowed the needful, and bought Franklin out, and became sole proprietor.

The affair was not rosy at first: the leases were unexpired, the rents low, the footway unpaved. She has told me herself—for we were, for years, on very friendly terms—that she had to trudge through the slush and dirt to apply for her quarterly rents, and often went home crying at the hostile reception or excuses she met, instead of her modest dues. But she held on; she could see the site was admirable; no other houses of this description had gardens running to Hyde Park. Intelligence was flowing westward. Men of substance began to take up every lease at a higher rent, and to lay out thousands of pounds in improvements.

Between 1860 and 1865 ambitious speculators sought noble sites, especially for vast Hotels; and one fine day the agent for an enterprising company walked into the office of Mrs. Byford's solicitor, Mr. Charles Hird, Portland Chambers, Tichfield Street, and offered five hundred thousand pounds for "High Row" and "Albert Terrace," with its gardens.

In this offer the houses counted as débris: it was an offer for the site of the "Swan" and pightle, which between 1616, the year of Shakspeare's decease, and the date of this munificent offer, had been so leased, and re-leased, and sold, and bandied to and fro, generation after generation, for an old song.

At the date of the above proposal, Mrs. Byford's income from this historical property could not have exceeded £2500, and the bid was £20,000 per annum. But a profane Yorkshireman once said to me, for my instruction, "Women are kittle cattle to drive"; and so it proved in this case. The property was sacred in that brave woman's heart. It had made her often sorrowful, often glad and hopeful. She had watched it grow, and looked to see it grow more and more. It was her child: and she declined half a million of money for it.

A few years more, and a new customer stepped upon the scene—

CUPIDITY.

A first-class builder had his eye upon Albert Terrace and its pretty little gardens running to Hyde Park. Said he to himself: "If I could but get hold of these, how I would *improve* them! I'd pull down these irregular houses, cut up the gardens, and rear 'noble mansions' to command Hyde Park, and be occupied by rank and fashion, not by a scum of artists, authors, physicians, merchants, and mere ladies and gentlemen, who pay their rent and tradesmen, but do not drive four-in-hand."

A circumstance favored this generous design: the Government of the day had been petitioned sore, by afflicted householders, to remove the barracks from Knightsbridge to some place with fewer cooks and nurse-maids to be corrupted and kitchens pillaged.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer loved economy, and hated deficits: so this canny builder earwigged him. "If you," said he, "will give us the present site of the condemned barracks, and compulsory sale of 'Albert Terrace,' under a private Bill, we will build you new barracks for nothing on any site you choose to give us. It will be *pro bono publico*."

This, as presented *ex parte*, was a great temptation to a public economist; and the statesman inclined his ear to it.

The patriotic project leaked out, and set the "Terrace" in a flutter. After-wit is everybody's wit; but ours had been the forethought to see the value of the sweetest site in London long before aristocrats, and plutocrats, and schemers, and builders; and were our mental inferiors to juggle us out of it on terms quite inadequate to us?

We held meetings, passed resolutions, interested our powerful friends, and sent a deputation, dotted with M.P.'s, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The deputation met with rather a chill reception, and at first buzzed, as deputations will, and took weak ground, and got laid on their backs more than once: but when they urged that the scheme had not occurred to the Government, but had been suggested by a trader—cloaking lucre with public spirit—and named the person, the statesman lost his temper, and they gained their cause. He rose like a tower, and disposed of them in one of those curt sentences that are often uttered by big men, seldom by little deputations. "Enough, gentlemen; you have said all you *can*, and much more than you need have said, or ought to have said, to *me:* you keep yours, and we'll keep ours."

Then he turned his back on them, and that was rude, and has all my sympathy; for is there a more galling, disgusting, unnatural, intolerable thing than to be forced by our own bosom traitors—our justice, our probity, our honor, and our conscience—to hear reason against ourselves?

The deputation went one way, and baffled cupidity another, lamenting the scarcity of patriotism, and the sacrifice of £100,000 to such bugbears as Meum and Tuum, and respect for the rights of the weak.

Peace blessed the little Terrace for three or four years, and then

"The mouthing patriot with an itching palm,"

rendered foxier by defeat, attacked the historical site with admirable craft and plausibility, and a new ally, seldom defeated in this country—Flunkyism.

The first act of the new comedy was played by architects and surveyors. They called on us, and showed us their plans for building "noble mansions" eleven stories high, on the site of our houses and gardens, and hinted at a fair remuneration if we would consent and make way for our superiors. See Ahab's first proposal to Naboth.

We declined, and the second act commenced. The architects, surveyors, and agents vanished entirely, and the leading actor appeared, with his drawn sword, a private Bill. He was a patriot peer, whose estates were in Yorkshire; from that far country came this benevolent being to confer a disinterested boon on the little village of Knightsbridge.

The Bill was entitled

"ALBERT TERRACE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, IMPROVEMENT ACT."

It is a masterpiece in its way, and very instructive as a warning to all public men to look keenly and distrustfully below the surface of every private Bill.

The PREAMBLE stated that the new road, hereinafter described, from the high-road Knightsbridge into Hyde Park, would be of great public and local advantage.

That the Right Honorable Henry Stapleton, Baron Beaumont (hereinafter called the undertaker), was willing to construct the said new road, at his own expense, if authorized to acquire certain lands, buildings, and property for that purpose.

And that this could not be effected without the consent of Parliament.

The BILL, amidst a number of colorless clauses, slyly inserted that the undertaker of this road (which ought clearly to have been a continuation of Sloane Street straight as a bee-line) might deviate, not eastward into his own property and justice, but westward, like a ram's horn, into the bulk of Anne Byford's houses.

And instead of asking for the unconstitutional power of compulsory purchase, clause 10 proposed that the power of compulsory purchase should *not* be exercised after three years from the passing of this Act.

The abuse might be forced on them. Their only anxiety was to guard against the abuse of the abuse.

Briefly, a cannier, more innocent-looking, yet subtle and treacherous, composition never emanated from a Machiavelian pen.

It offered something to every class of society: a new public road into the Park, good for the people and the aristocracy; a few private houses that stood in the way, or nearly in the way, of the public road, to be turned into noble mansions, good for the plutocracy and the shop-keepers; and the projector a Peer, good for the national flunkyism.

For the first time I was seriously alarmed, and prepared to fight; for what says Sydney Smith, the wisest as well as wittiest man of his day? "Equal rights to unequal possessions, that is what Englishmen will come out and fight for."

I fired my first shot; wrote on my front wall, in huge letters,

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

The discharge produced a limited effect. I had assumed too hastily that all the world was familiar with that ancient history of personal cupidity and spoliation *pro bono publico*, and would apply it to the modern situation, with which it had two leading features in common. The deportment of my neighbors surprised me. They stopped, read, scratched their heads, and went away bewildered. I observed their dumb play, and sent my people to catch their comments, if any. Alas! these made it very clear that Knightsbridge thumbs not the archives of Samaria.

One old Clo' smiled supercilious, and we always suspected him of applying my text; but it was only suspicion, and counterbalanced by native *naïveté;* a little tradesman was bustling eastward to make money, saw the inscription, stopped a moment, and said to his companion, "Nabob's vinegar! Why, it looks like a gentleman's house."

However, as a Sphinx's riddle, set, by a popular maniac, on a wall, it roused a little of that mysterious interest which still waits upon the unknown, and awakened vague expectation.

Then I prepared my petition to the House, and took grave objection to the bill, with an obsequious sobriety as fictitious as the patriotism of the Bill.

But I consoled myself for this unnatural restraint by preparing a little Parliamentary Bill of my own, papered and printed and indorsed in exact imitation of the other Bill, only worded on the reverse principle of calling things by their right names. The Bill was entitled, "Knightsbridge Spoliation Act," and described as follows:

A BILL.

For other purposes, under the pretext of a new private carriage drive into the Park, to be called a public road.

THE PREAMBLE.

Whereas the sites of certain houses and gardens, called Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, are known to be of great value to building speculators, and attempts to appropriate them have been made from time to time, but have failed for want of the proper varnish; and whereas the owners of the said sites are merchants, physicians, authors, and commoners, and to transfer their property by force to a speculating lord and his builders would be a great advantage to the said speculators, and also of great local advantage—to an estate in Yorkshire.

And whereas the trades-people who conceived this Bill are builders, architects, and agents, and their names might lack lustre, and even rouse suspicion, a nobleman, hereinafter described as the "Patriot Peer," will represent the shop, and is willing to relieve the rightful owners of the sites afore-named, by compulsory purchase, and to build flats one hundred feet high, and let them to flats, at £50 a room, and gain £200,000 clear profit, provided he may construct a new drive into the Park at the cost to himself of £80, or thereabouts, and bear ever after the style and title of "the Patriot Peer."

And since great men no longer despoil their neighbors in the name of God, as in the days of King Ahab and Mr. Cromwell, but in the name of the public, it is expedient to dedicate this new carriage drive to the public; the said drive not to traverse the Park, and no cab, cart, or other vehicle such as the public uses, will be allowed to travel on it.

The new drive and the foot-paths together shall be only forty-four feet wide, but whether the foot-paths shall be ten feet, twenty, or thirty, is to be left to the discretion of the private Lawgiver.

As this carriage drive of unlimited narrowness is to be used only by the narrowest class in the kingdom, it shall be dedicated to all classes, and this phraseology shall be often repeated, since reiteration passes with many for truth. The drive, during construction, to be called "Patriot's Road," and when finished, "Oligarch Alley," or "Plutocrat Lane."

And so on, with perfect justice, but a bitterness not worth reviving.

Then for once I deviated from my habits, and appealed in person to leading men in both Houses, who are accessible to me, though I never intrude on them.

Finding me so busy, some friends of the measure, out of good-nature, advised me not to waste my valuable time, and proved to me that it was no use. Albert Terrace was an eye-sore long recognized; all the trades-people in the district, and three hundred ladies and gentlemen of distinction, Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Countesses, Viscountesses, and ladies, had promised to support the Bill with their signatures to a petition.

Flunkyism is mighty in this island. I knew, I trembled, I persisted.

I sounded the nearest Tory member. He would not go into the merits, but said there was a serious objection to the bill as it stood. It would interfere with the Queen's wall.

Unfortunately this was a detail the projectors could alter, and yet trample on such comparative trifles as the Law of England and the great rights of little people.

Next I called upon a Liberal, my neighbor Sir Henry James. I had a slight acquaintance with him, through his beating me often at whist, and always at repartee, in a certain club. I now took a mean revenge by begging him to read my papers.

He looked aghast, and hoped they were not long.

"Not so long as your *Briefs*," said I, sourly.

Then this master of fence looked away, and muttered, as if in soliloquy, "I'm *paid* for reading *that* rubbish." He added, with a sigh, "There! leave them with me."

The very next morning he invited me to call on him, and I found him completely master of the subject and every detail.

He summed up by saying, kindly: "Really I don't wonder at your being indignant, for it is a purely private speculation, and the road is a blind. I think you can defeat it in committee, but that would cost you a good deal of money."

I asked him if it could not be stopped on the road to committee.

He said that was always difficult with private Bills. "However," said he, "if the persons interested are disposed to confide the matter to me, I will see if I can do anything in so clear a case."

You may guess whether I jumped at this or not.

As a proof how these private Bills are smuggled through Parliament, it turned out that the Bill in question had already been read once, and none of us knew it, and the second reading was coming on in a few days.

Sir Henry James lost no time either. He rose in the House, and asked the member for Chelsea whether he was aware of a Bill called "Knightsbridge Improvement Acts," and had the Government looked into it.

The honorable member replied that they had, and he would go so far as to say did not approve it.

"Shall you oppose it?" asked Sir Henry James; and as the other did not reply, "Because, if not, we shall." He then gave notice that before this Bill was allowed to go into committee he wished to put certain questions to the promoters, and named next Thursday.

Then I lent my humble co-operation by a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, entitled

"PRIVATE BILLS AND PUBLIC WRONGS."

One unfair advantage of private Bills is that their opponents can't get one-tenth part of the House of Commons to be there and discuss them; so this letter of mine was intended as a whip to secure a House at that early hour, when there never is a House, but only a handful, chiefly partisans of the oppressive measure. It had an effect; there were a good many independent members present when Sir Henry James rose to question the promoters of the Knightsbridge Improvement Bill.

He was met in a way that contrasted curiously with the advice I had received, not to run my head against a stone wall, with three hundred noble signatures written on it. A member instructed by the promoters popped up and anticipated all Sir James's questions, with one prudent reply,

"THE BILL IS WITHDRAWN."

Thus fell, by the mere wind of a good lawyer's sword, that impregnable edifice of patriotic spoliation; and Anne Byford, who in this business represented the virtues of the nation, the self-denial and economy which purchase from a willing vender, with Abraham for a precedent, Moses for a guide, and the Law of England for a title, and the fortitude which retains, in hard times, till value increases, and cupidity burns to reap where it never sowed, was not juggled out of her child for one-tenth part of the sum she had refused from a straightforward bidder.

So much for the past History of the "Swan" and pightle. There is more to come, and soon. The projectors of the defeated bill had made large purchases of land close by Albert Terrace, and this was thrown upon their hands at a heavy loss for years. But now I am happy to say they have sold it to the Earl of Rosebery for £120,000, so says report.

Even if they have, what has been will be; in fifty years' time this transaction will be called buying the best site in London for an old song.

Meantime, siege and blockade having failed, a mine is due by all the laws of war. So a new Metropolitan Company proposes this very year to run under the unfortunate terrace, propel the trains with a patent that, like all recent patents, will often be out of order, and stop them with

another patent that will seldom be *in* order. Item, to stifle and smash the public a good deal more than they are smashed and stifled at present (which seems superfluous); the motive, public spirit, as before; the instrument, a private Bill —*Anathema sit in sæcula sæculorum.*

While the moles are at work below, Lord Rosebery will rear "a noble mansion"; by that expression every builder and every snob in London means a pile of stucco, huge and hideous.

Then flunkyism will say, "Are a Peer and his palace to be shouldered by cribs?" and cupidity will demand a line of "NOBLE MANSIONS," and no garden, in place of Albert Terrace and its pretty gardens—a *rus in urbe* a thousand times more beautiful and a hundred thousand times more rare, whatever idiots, snobs, builders, and beasts may think, than monotonous piles of stucco—and that engine of worse than Oriental despotism, the private Bill, will be ready to hand. The rest is in the womb of time.

But my pages are devoted to the past, not to the doubtful future. What I have related is the documentary, pecuniary, political, and private history of the "Swan" and pightle. Now many places have a long prosaic history, and a short romantic one. The chronic history of Waterloo field is to be ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and mowed: yet once in a way these acts of husbandry were diversified with a great battle, where hosts decided the fate of Empires. After that, agriculture resumed its sullen sway, and even heroes submitted, and fattened the field their valor had glorified.

Second-rate horses compete, every year, on Egham turf, and will while the turf endures. But one day the competing horses on that sward were a King and his Barons, and they contended over the constitution, and the Cup was Magna Charta. This double history belongs to small places as well as great, to Culloden and Agincourt, and to the narrow steps leading from Berkeley Street to Curzon Street, Mayfair, down which, with head lowered to his saddle bow, the desperate Turpin spurred his horse, with the Bow Street runners on each side; but no man ever did it before, nor will again.

Even so, amidst all these prosaic pamphlets and papers, leases and releases, mortgages, conveyances, and testaments, ignoring so calmly every incident not bearing on title, there happened within the area of the "Swan" and its pightle a romantic story, which I hope will reward my friends who have waded through my prose; for, besides some minor attractions, it is a tale of Blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RED CEDAR LUMBERING.

CEDAR KEYS is altogether a very lovely group of islands, numbering between thirty and forty isles, often very minute, and the largest not over a mile long. The principal ones are Atsena Otie, Cedar, Piney Point, and Way, Snake, and Seahorse keys, which inclose the port. Seahorse Key lies at the entrance, and is ninety feet high, the loftiest land between Key West and Pensacola. It seems placed there as a breakwater, and a pedestal for the light-house which crowns it. It is encircled by a beautiful beach of soft, creamy sand, and is haunted by various legends. LAFITTE, the smuggler, is said, with some reason, to have made this islet one of his haunts in the days of his power.

Atsena Otie, which is an Indian name, was originally inhabited by the Indians, and was the first of the group occupied by the whites. The wigwams vanished when Mr. PARSONS, then a quartermaster in the army, caused a house to be erected there during the Seminole war. The timbers were brought there already fitted, as he told me. They began to erect the building in the morning, and at night he slept in it, and on the following day filled it with government stores. A charming beach, fringed with cabbage-palms and palmettoes, encircles the isle, and some picturesque residences are grouped in the centre. But Atsena Otie is also the site of the cedar mills of FABER & Co., the famous pencil manufacturers.

This firm was established in 1761, and the present head of the house, A. W. VON FABER—he has been ennobled—is the great-grandson of the founder. The manufactory is at Stein, in Bavaria; agencies also exist at Vienna, Paris, and London, and a very important branch establishment was founded in New York over twenty years ago, which not only manufactures the cheaper grades of pencil, but also, more recently, gold pens and pen handles of excellent quality. Five hundred different kinds of pencils are made by the FABERS. Most of these depend on two materials for their construction — the lead or graphite, which comes from the celebrated mine of Alibert, in Siberia, and the wood of the cedar-tree. To many it will be a surprise to learn that all the cedar employed in pencil-making comes from the State of Florida, and is shipped at Cedar Keys. The requisites in wood used for this purpose are a very fine grain, and what is rare with such wood, softness. Red cedar of the best quality possesses these conditions. There are many varieties of cedar, of which two are common in the United States. Of these the white cedar, mistakenly called the cypress, is very common in Florida, and grows to a great height. The red cedar grows almost everywhere, North and South, but it is only that which is found in Florida that is available for pencils, that which grows elsewhere being coarser, more fibrous, and more full of knots. In Florida the red cedar reaches a height of twenty-five to thirty-five feet, and is divided into the poor quality which can be made into cigar boxes and the like, and the superior sort adapted for pencils. The supply is obtained in the regions watered by the Withlacoochee, the Suwanee, and several other streams emptying into the Gulf of Mexico north and south of Cedar Keys. But as they are all too shallow for ships of large size, the cedar, after being felled in the forests, is hewn into square logs, somewhat larger than railroad ties, and taken to Cedar Keys in flat-bottomed schooner-rigged droghers, decked over, and of light draught. At Cedar Keys the logs are made into rafts, and floated out to ships which anchor off Seahorse Key when drawing too much water to enter the port. The FABERS control over half the supply, and ship all the pencil boards which go to Europe, whether for their own or other pencil factories. These boards are all sawn at the mill of Atsena Otie by a very delicate process. They are the exact length of the pencil, and of two thicknesses—one for the groove into which the graphite is laid, and the other to lay over it and complete the pencil. The amount shipped annually averages one million cubic feet, trimmed and ready to be made into pencils and boxes.

It is evident that this traffic gives a bustling air of thrift to Cedar Keys, quite unusual in a Southern sea-board town. The negroes employed in it are a shrewd, comical class. I was particularly interested in one old fellow who was mending his mainsail, and singing Methodist hymns to himself on a pleasant spring morning. His children played in the sand and chatted to him the while, and his nondescript hat near by on the beach was more picturesque than elegant.

Besides the cedar traffic, Cedar Keys is every year gaining in importance as a distributing port for the turtles, the oysters, the oranges, and the vegetables found on the west coast, or grown at Tampa or Silver Spring. The turtles alone are worth $10,000 annually. As a railroad and steamboat terminus, and the starting-point of a proposed fast mail line to Cuba, which would meet a certain demand, it seems to have the promise of a growing prosperity. A few good hotels would also make it an attractive resort in winter, as it is healthy at that season. The Indian or shell mounds of Cedar Keys should also be mentioned as objects of much scientific interest. Composed entirely of oyster shells, and containing remains of pottery, rising to a height of thirty to sixty feet, and overgrown by live-oaks or vines and palmettoes, the question of their origin will long continue a problem to the geologist or archæologist.

ON THE ROAD TO PEKING.

ALTHOUGH invariably dirty and wretched in appearance, Chinese towns generally possess high-flown names. Tien-tsin signifies "Heavenly Ferry," while the adjacent European settlement is known as Tzu-chu-lin, or Red Bamboo Grove.

Tien-tsin stands at the junction of the Yu-ho and Pei-ho, which meet east and west, their commingling waters flowing directly south—the former, here called the Yu-liang-ho, having run a course of 300 miles; the latter, 220 miles. The walled city stands at the southeastern corner formed at the junction, and is about a mile square, its suburbs extending east and south along both shores of the rivers for about two miles.

It is a miserable place, and not a whit better than the general run of Chinese towns—narrow, tortuous streets, without paving or foot-path, but worn into ruts and holes, which overturn any conveyance, and subject the pedestrian to the constant risk of slipping down and breaking his bones; piles of refuse are to be met with at every turn, filling the air with their seething and abominable odor. In dry weather one is blinded by the dust; in the rainy season the mud renders these noisome alleys almost impassable. The European, when he has occasion to visit the native city, never walks, but uses a donkey—an animal as much in vogue here as at Cairo. The houses are low, rarely exceeding one story; and in immediate proximity to the habitations of the living are the abodes of the dead, which consist of unadorned mounds, from many of which the earth has been washed or blown away, leaving the wooden coffins, which are never put under-ground, bare and exposed to view. Around the city are numerous huge heaps of salt, which add their quota to the general ugliness of the place.

Another place of some importance is the village of Yang-tsun, a favorite halting-place for boatmen navigating the Pei-ho. Here were stationed several hundred junks in the most perfect order, all moored closely together, their sterns to the bank, so that their inmates could step ashore without difficulty; and numbers of men, women, and children were on the tow-path and in the adjacent fields mending their sails or clothes, cooking, gambling, flying kites, and indulging in various pastimes. All the junks were exactly of the same size, build, and rig; their poops were all gaudily painted with designs identical in style and color, so that the uninitiated could no more distinguish one from the other than he could individualize sheep in a flock.

We staid at Yang-tsun but a couple of hours, and continuing our ride, reached Ho-see-woo, the half-way station to Peking, at half past seven in the evening. We had travelled faster than our cart, which did not come in for another hour, so that, famished as we were, we were fain to take patience before getting our supper. Our forty miles' ride had thoroughly fatigued us, and after a scanty meal of the provisions brought with us, we were soon ready for a good night's rest. This luxury was not, however, vouchsafed to us; "nature's soft nurse" is not easily trepanned into a Chinese rest-house, as I am about to show.

These establishments are pretty well all alike, and somewhat on the plan of old-fashioned coaching inns as far as general outward arrangement is concerned, but in no other respect. Around a large court-yard are constructed a series of open sheds and low single-storied buildings, the former for the accommodation of beasts, the latter of men. The apartments for the use of human beings consist generally of two rooms, one rather larger than the other, both with floors of brick or earth. In each room is a brick stove, or *káng*, about six and a half feet deep by two and a half feet high, running across the entire end of each room. On this *káng*, covered generally, but not always, with a mat of bamboo, rushes, or camel's-hair, one sleeps. In winter it can be heated through a fire-hole in the middle of the room; but we were fortunate enough not to require this artificial warming up, which always produces headache, and frequently a risk of suffocation. A small square table, ten inches high, is invariably found upon the stove in the larger room, off which the Chinaman takes his food, or upon which, the meal finished, are placed his opium pipe and paraphernalia thereto belonging. The furniture of the apartment consists of a square table and one or two chairs or benches. No rugs, bedclothes, or utensils of any kind for eating, etc., are supplied, but small wooden tubs for washing are brought in when required, and warm water is generally procurable. For any other convenience the open court-yard must be used. There are no windows, but lattice frames, covered with a yellowish, semi-translucent paper, run the length of all the apartments. Drinking-water is generally drawn from a well in the yard, and should be strictly avoided. The rooms are always dirty, the dust, straw, and filth, which blow in from the yard, being rarely removed. In no country have I found such an absolute want of decent accommodation. As the teams are driven into the inclosure they are unharnessed, and immediately proceed to roll in the dirt; this is all the grooming they get. The noise at night is almost as incessant as during the day—men shouting to their beasts and at each other; animals being driven in and out, harnessed and unharnessed; camels uttering their plaintive cry to their young; mules jingling their bells; asses braying; ponies neighing and kicking at each other; and the

> "proud harbinger of day,
> Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
> Fell chanticleer, who oft hath reft away
> My fancied good, and brought substantial ill."

At last dawn broke, and although we were unrefreshed, our limbs being stiff from the hardness of our couch, we were glad that our first night in a Chinese inn was over.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN agent of the Anthropological Society of Europe engaged five Indians of the Quatsnie tribe in British Columbia to accompany him to Paris for exhibition at the next meeting of the society. They were desired because their heads sloped; but they will not be on exhibition, for the reason that the entire squad also "sloped" after receiving their first advance payment.

The Director of the Royal Observatory in Milan has discovered lines on the planet Mars, and suggests that these lines may be canals. Until he solemnly avers that he has heard the drivers swearing at the mules his theory will not be generally accepted in the Mohawk Valley.

A Virginia man owns a hen that sings. One simple lay a day is her average.

The foolish country editor prints the name of his candidate for Governor at the top of a column, writes a double-leaded leader setting forth his virtues, and is called an organ-grinder. The wise country editor prints in an obscure corner of his paper a small paragraph stating that "many shrewd politicians are inclined to the belief" that his favorite will be the nominee, a popular movement is set on foot, and the editor is credited with being a far-seeing political observer.

It is a matter of pride in Boston that the chimney in the Charlestown Navy-yard is the tallest in the country. Travellers approaching the city from the west generally mistake it for Bunker Hill Monument.

Learning that five inches of snow fell at Sheboygan, Michigan, a few days ago, a newspaper observes that it was Sheboygan which was once spoken of as a place where "the sleighing ain't first-rate for a spell in August." Maybe the town is on the same isothermal line as the locality where it is "eleven months winter and one month mighty late in the fall."

Squaws in Austin, Nevada, wear men's boots, and pay two bits for a shine at the boot-blacking stands. They care nothing for the right of franchise.

A bill was recently introduced in the Ohio Legislature to permit a Buckeye girl to change her name. The statesman who presented the bill was a bachelor, and an amendment was offered substituting his name for that which the young woman coveted. This measure was rashly adopted before she had been consulted. A motion to reconsider was therefore deemed no more than fair to her, and she was authorized to take the name of her choice. Nearly half a day was thus spent in Legislative skylarking.

It is estimated that sixty thousand Americans will go to Europe this summer, and many times sixty thousand Europeans will come to America.

French astronomers are preparing to observe the forth-coming transit of Venus, and are seeking proficiency by practicing on a dummy representing that planet crossing the sun's disk.

An eloping couple arrived at Somerset, Indiana, to find that the only persons in official life there were the justice of the peace and the postmaster, and that the former functionary was absent from the village. Thereupon they went to the postmaster, who looked over his instructions, failed to find any postal regulations prohibiting him from performing a marriage ceremony, and consented to act. His concluding words were: "You are married, sir and madam, according to the Post-office laws of the United States of America."

It is suggested that the eighty thousand natives of the United States in Canada afford a reason for annexation. A similar reason exists for annexing New York city to Ireland.

The enterprise of a Boston firm in the matter of advertising has divulged a secret of the king's palace in Honolulu. They announce that they have shipped a large quantity of their unrivalled silver "and plated ware" on an order from the agent of his Majesty.

Notwithstanding the strong partisan bias of the Vermont press, the following observation of a St. Albans journal has not been refuted by the organs of the opposing party: "If it has got so in Richmond that editors are rolled in the mud, and otherwise abused by unknown parties at night, it is time for something to be done. The freedom of the press must be protected."

In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, an electric light wire came in contact with a wire of the fire-alarm telegraph, and fourteen boxes were destroyed. Residents are congratulating themselves on the fact that there happened to be no serious need of the burned-out boxes until the damage had been repaired.

Bicyclers in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as those in New York, are having a fight for the privilege of riding in the parks and public drives. In a few American cities—Washington among them—the experience has been that horses soon get used to the mounted wheelmen, and pay no more attention to them than to men on foot or persons travelling by any other vehicle. It is said that there are more than three hundred thousand bicycles in use in England, and that the opposition at first manifested toward them, on the ground that they would frighten horses, long ago died out. Since the opening of the elevated railroads in New York the capacity of horses for getting used to things has been pretty thoroughly tested, and has not proved inadequate. Horses that are frequently driven near the elevated roads do not so much as prick up their ears when the trains go thundering over their heads. Perhaps the short life of the objection to the elevated roads on the ground that the trains would frighten horses is due to the fact that the projected roads were backed by so many million dollars that the objectors couldn't help themselves—an advantage which the average individual wheelman doesn't enjoy.

It is said that along the coast of Newfoundland devil-fish with arms of unheard-of length are so numerous "that prudent men go back ten miles in the country to get drunk." Perhaps if all the residents along there were prudent, and went out of sight of the shore to get drunk, there would be fewer reports of big devil-fish from that quarter.

The Chinese question—"Wantee shirt washee?"

There may be men who would rather be right than be President, but they are greatly outnumbered by those who would rather be receiver for a defunct insurance company than either.

Organs of the temperance cause have discovered in Mr. Tennyson's national song a line to which they seriously object. It is,

"To the great cause of freedom drink, my friends;"

and they say that they are opposed to drinking to any cause, great or small.

Somebody having a rather conspicuous connection with church work in the North, said not long ago that he knew a colored minister in Florida who peddled out to the congregation, at five cents a glass, the wine that was left after communion. The Florida papers have taken up the cudgel in behalf of the colored church-goers, and are calling on the Northerner for specifications in refutable form.

A French writer, M. Lemarchand, has issued through the press a warning to all who live in earthquake districts that on or about the first of June there are likely to be some lively terrestrial shake-ups. His prediction is based on the alleged discovery that there is a cycle, composed of a number of lunations, at the end of which great convulsions of the earth's surface occur. He claims that upon the same cyclical data the eruptions of Vesuvius and Ætna in 1878 and 1879 were foretold. To those who live in regions that have suffered by earthquakes, and who are disposed to have faith in M. Lemarchand's predictions, the difficult question as to the best safeguard against damage by earthquake is presented. When floods are imminent, the people turn their faces toward the high ground, and from almost every other danger of which there is warning there are ways of escape which suggest themselves; but what is to be done in the presence of a probability that at some unheralded moment the earth under one's feet is to open and let him through into the unexplored and molten interior? It might be, too, that the very object to which one would cling for safety would belong to that section of terrestrial crust destined to be thus swallowed up. This uncertainty would be wearing to an apprehensive nature. Let those rejoice who live in regions where the only earthquakes are such as occur at two o'clock in the morning, and would be generally discredited but for the testimony of several prominent and respected citizens, who, upon comparing notes on the following morning, satisfied themselves that they were awakened by the distinctly perceptible vibrations.

RED CEDAR LUMBERING AT CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.—FROM SKETCHES BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

THE OLD ROTHSCHILD HOUSE.

In the ancient city of Frankfort-on-the-Main an old relic of past time, the celebrated Jews' Lane, will soon disappear, to make room for a broad street with new and handsome buildings.

In the Middle Ages the Jews formed a prominent element in the population of Frankfort, but during the fourteenth century they were the objects of bitter persecution. Whole streets in which they had their homes were burned, and much blood was shed by their fanatical enemies. About the middle of the fifteenth century an edict was issued confining the residences of the Jews to a certain portion of the city, and it was at that time that the Jews' Lane was built. It was provided at either end with heavy gates, which were closed with bolts and bars at night-fall, and on Sundays and holidays. Any Jew caught in the city streets while these gates were closed was severely punished.

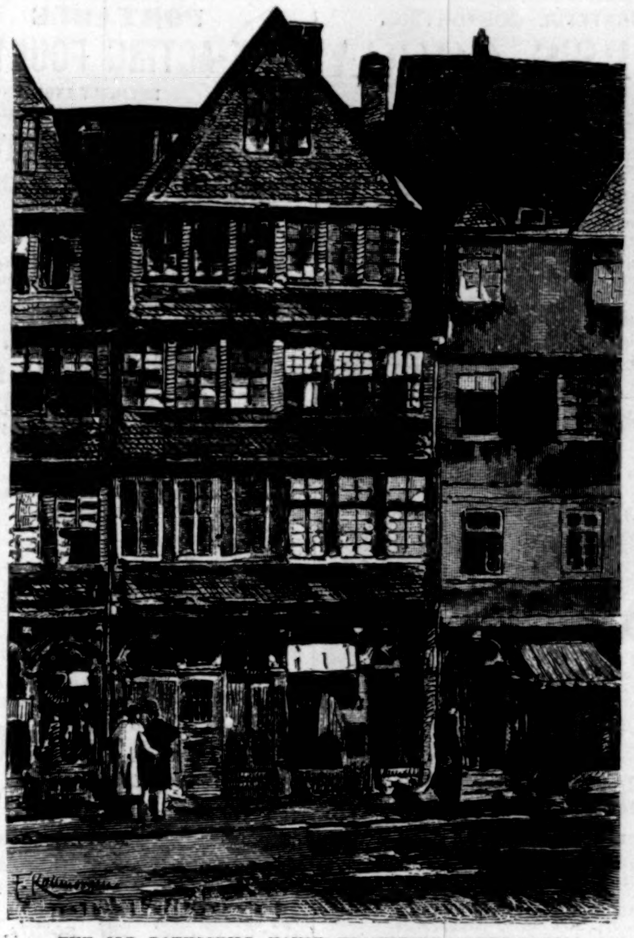
Twenty-five years ago the appearance of the Jews' Lane was almost the same as in olden time. The ancient gates were still to be seen, hanging rusted on their hinges. The high toppling houses, which almost met over the narrow roadway, were decorated with signs bearing unmistakable Jewish names, and with Hebrew inscriptions, and from the carvings over the doorways the Lion of Judah still frowned on inquisitive intruders. The walls were black with the filth of ages, and through the small window-panes peered ancient Jewish dames with wrinkled faces in harmony with the general decay of their surroundings. It was the abode of all manner of strange odors, and along the open gutter in the middle of the lane there flowed a sluggish current of slimy water.

Some years since, one entire side of the street was torn down, and the sunlight fell on the damp pavement for the first time in centuries. The order has now been given to tear away the other side, and before many months the Jews' Lane will be a thing of the past.

Several celebrated houses are among those which will soon be destroyed. Over the door of one of the most wretched and dilapidated is a small tablet marking it as the birth-place of LUDWIG BÖRNE, whose real family name was BARUCH. He was born in 1786. When a young man he was persecuted by the government on account of his liberalism, and fled to Paris, where he lived for many years, pouring out his wrath against his native land in a series of keen satires.

Another celebrated house, many storied and gabled and ancient, which for years has stood gaunt and grim with closed shutters, is the birth-place of the ROTHSCHILD brothers, who left the paternal roof to become the great financiers of Europe. To this house, his own birth-place, MAIER AMSCHEL ROTHSCHILD in 1770 brought home GUDULA SCHNAPPER, his young wife. MAIER AMSCHEL was himself a smart business man. In the lower story of the old house he carried on a lively traffic in old coins, jewelry, and antiquities of all kinds. But the great fortune of the family began in 1801, when, on the death of the Landgrave WILLIAM IX., MAIER AMSCHEL, who had been his banker, began to operate on his own account with the large sum of money lying in his hands.

When in 1812 he lay on his death-bed, he summoned all his children, and after exhorting them to live in brotherly unity, closed his eyes forever. The brothers were at that time established in the different business centres of Europe, and the chink of coin was no longer heard in the old office in Jews' Lane. But the widow refused to leave her humble home. There the fortune of the family had begun, and she firmly believed that if she left the house the riches of her sons would crumble to dust and disappear. There she lived in the Jews' Lane through a widowhood of many years, and there she died in 1849, at the age of ninety-six. Since that time the house has remained closed and uninhabited, and will soon become nothing but a memory.



THE OLD ROTHSCHILD HOUSE, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

SUNFLOWERS.

No flower for a long time has become so popular and so personal as the sunflower. It has climbed into our favor, and taken possession of our homes, our gardens, and our dress, and is everywhere the sentinel of art and fashion—and of right, for it is not only a decorative and useful flower, but bears a good religious character, being as a Christian flower dedicated to St. Bartholomew, St. Louis (king), and St. Antradis, and, as a pagan emblem, the sacred flower of the ancient Peruvians, who were worshippers of the sun.

Its resemblance to the God of Day and its supposed homage to the rising sun made it their emblem of faith, and on this account it was greatly used in their religious ceremonies, and the virgins who officiated in the Temple of the Sun were crowned with sunflowers made of pure gold, and carried them in their hands, and fastened their robes with them.

In Persia, and some other lands of the East, the sunflower is the emblem of constancy in love, and there are many poetical allusions in Eastern literature to the flower that always turns its face toward the sun.

The first mention we have of it in England is from Gerard, in 1596, when he tells us that in his garden he has one that has grown to the height of fourteen feet, which produces flowers measuring sixteen inches over. In Spain and Mexico they grow to the height of twenty feet, some of the flowers measuring four feet in diameter, and a single flower producing 2362 seeds.

Alma Tadema has illustrated this fact in his beautiful picture of "Sunflowers," in which a maiden is reaching up to the flowers, which are still far above her. The whole purpose of the picture is evidently intended to make the spectator feel the great height of the plant. Browning calls the flower "a foolish mimic sun." Darwin gives it a better character, for he says it

"climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn."

Moore uses it as a comparison of constancy, for he says:

"As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose."

But Blake gives it a sad, longing character, and in two short, exquisite verses makes you feel quite differently to the great yellow flower:

"Ah! Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden prime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

"Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go."

Botanical authorities say that there are nearly fifty species. Among those which are best known are the tall sunflower of Peru and Mexico; the perennial, a native of Virginia; and the dwarf sunflower, brought, as late as 1878, from Egypt.

The seeds, when peeled, taste like sweet almond. They make an excellent bread of them in Portugal, and during the late war, in the Southern States, they were substituted for coffee in many a frontier cabin. They are a good food for poultry, and the oil pressed from them is frequently used in place of olive-oil for salads; it can also be burned in the lamp, and is splendid for soap-making.

The stems and flowers when burned produce a good potash, and many a housewife in Texas has superintended the burning of sunflowers to obtain the potash for her week's baking with as much care as she did the baking itself.

In Texas the sunflower pulled at sundown with a wish is sure to bring the wish true before the next sunset (so the Indians say), and no true Texan will have a garden without at least one of these "mimic suns" in it. To dream of them signifies that you will have your pride wounded; and a negro, if he has this dream, will never rest until he has pulled a sunflower to counteract the omen. And in some parts of the South a negro will not let you bring into the house a sunflower that has been pulled before it is perfect, or one that is in any way broken. Not many of us are aware that there

TRYING TO BULLY AND BROWBEAT EACH OTHER.

MR. BLAINE (*to* MR. BADGER BELMONT). "I hope you will treat me as a gentleman. I am not in a police court to be BADGERED."

is a county in the northwest of Mississippi called Sunflower, and that a beautiful river runs through it of the same name.

And the golden flower has found its way into imitation in jewelry, flannel pen-wipers, advertising cards, and even on to our dinner tables, for which it can be beautifully made of banana skins, the black skin being used for the disk, and the soft cream-colored skin arranged by a skillful hand can most perfectly imitate its golden rays.

Louis XIV. chose the sun for his cognizance, whereupon one of his courtiers took for his device a sunflower, with this motto, "He follows the movements of the sun"; another choosing the same flower, with this motto, "Without thee I die." And there exists in New York a club of young girls who call themselves "Sunflowers," and who give delightful sunny afternoon teas. But who has so aptly and distinctly described the sunflower in all its glory, in the open field or at the log-cabin door, as the negro minstrel, who, while he fingers his banjo, sings:

"I am as happy as a big sunflower
That nods and bends in the breezes."

MR. WILLIAM HUNTER, 515 West 49th Street, City, writes: "Have been a sufferer for the past nine years, and spent a great deal of money for *so-called* catarrh cures, which only aggravated the disease. Was induced to try MARSHALL'S Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes. The result is a clear head and buoyancy of spirits—in fact *they have made a new man of me*. I cannot finds words to express my appreciation of your remedy."—[*Adv.*]

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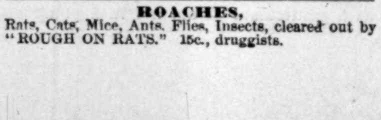

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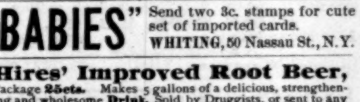

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